

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

There is something paralyzingly funny, as well as intensely pathetic, in either talking over or thinking over the aching heads, empty pockets and sore hearts which, like the wreckage of a storm, on the morning after a municipal contest such as we had all over Ontario last Monday, strew the streets and the side-lines. If we could see grouped together all the incongruous persons who had been elected to some office, and the army arrayed opposite to them of those who had been defeated, ridiculously perhaps, it is not improbable that those who went up Salt Creek for lack of votes would more stirringly appeal to us, both as to their appearance, general worthiness and their aptitude to poke around after municipal work.

Amongst the beaten, however, there is always a percentage of men who, if they could be as funny in comic opera as they are while hunting for popular suffrages or talking about their defeats, would make their fortunes. On the other hand, amongst the elect—God bless the elect—or the elected, there is also a certain percentage of unconscious comedians whose gratified vanity and ambition make it impossible for them to realize how the preposterous nature of their pretensions has been accentuated by their success.

Of course there is nearly always a majority of really capable men who receive positions at the hands of their fellow citizens, as a matter of good nature rather than judgment; and though as a rule they are thought less of in the localities to which they belong than they think of themselves, they may be well described as being Representative Men. Doubtless they will find the sweets of office no better than the other poor, poor sweets that our successes bring us, but to most of them a little taste of even small authority, a touching of the tongue to official honey, will either be gratifying or teach them the lesson that the game is hardly worth the candle; but the heartiness is comparatively of less value than the touch at the heart and in the throat which says, "It is mine!"

In country places particularly, men who decide that they should sit in township or county council often make most elaborate preparations to ensure their success. Farmers ordinarily unsocial become secretly possessed of the idea that they are capable of becoming very popular—gay, in fact—if they only make the attempt. Those living in small communities or in somewhat sparsely settled districts are not ordinarily as communicative as the people of towns and cities are, and their budding ambitions are only mentioned in the ears of near relatives and adoring *interfamilias*. Tea meetings, singings, classes, revivals and picnics are at once sought out, and many uncomfortable hours are spent in becoming accustomed to the role of being "an awfully good fellow" who is "blamed friendly" to everybody. These and barn-raising are a part of every week's programme, while "gittin' around amongst the boys" and being "sociable" is never omitted from the expenses and tedium of market day, nor "showin' up at a funeral" left out of the careworn Sunday. Possible rivals are looked upon with great scorn and suspicion, and as the symptoms increase that a man is going to "run for somethin'" he is hated, together with his family, while all those who are developing similar ideas are likely to speak disparagingly of each other.

The cost of culverts and bridges, the amount of time consumed in sessions of the council and the pay drawn by those unfortunates who are already fully in public view, are all discussed with an amazing lack of charity. The families of the aspirants gradually become worse than unfriendly, personal remarks are indulged in, the financial status of candidates criticized, and whispers are passed around that "Jim Jones" and "Bill Smith" might much better try to pay off their mortgages or tile-drain their farms than go "runnin' the roads tryin' to git into the Council." It is seldom that the positions aimed at are much prized, or the men occupying them much looked up to by their neighbors, but when men get racing for the places they think they will be happy ever afterwards if they can only win.

To be reeve of a village or mayor of a small town is perhaps thought of by the small boy or the hopeless adult failure who acts as chambermaid at the tavern stable, as being almost too high a spot for the average mortal to endeavor to attain; and amongst the few place-hunters who are looking forward to something higher or to achieve local influence which may be

used in another way, the task of being elected is considered something that may well employ the highest faculties of the human mind. Fortunately it can be said of our municipal system that the country and village people, and the citizens of towns, show a great deal of discernment in the selections they make. Almost invariably the successful candidates for principal offices are men of some substance and good common sense.

But city people never know what roaring farces go on in small places. Empty-headed and egotistical people are always trying for what is to them the unattainable, and they are egged on by the wags of the district, who roar with laughter when the backs of the poor innocents are turned. It is unlikely that there is a single municipality in Ontario that at some time, or times, has not had some half-baked fellow who, as a candidate, has been made the victim of practical jokes. I remember one instance in a village of a couple of thousand where a peddler of tinware, who was never considered quite smart enough to get out of the rain, was induced year after year to offer himself for the chief office in the locality. It seemed such a good joke on the other candidates that he always got a pretty considerable support. On his rounds amongst the farmers this poor sheep-skin merchant and drawing victim of the jokers, used to discuss the run he had made and his chances for the next year. This sort of thing was kept up, and the fun grew so fast and furious that he was actually elected reeve of the town, and it cost the wags considerable to induce him to resign. During that election, farmers who owned lots in town drove in for miles to vote for this itinerant and witless old man; and though he was incapable of feeling that he had been made the butt of a joke, yet the young lawyer who told him he had been counted out and asked on his behalf for a recount, and got the money raised by the returning officers to pay the old fellow off, laughed last and laughed longest.

though he was never forgiven for his interference.

When the votes are counted and the success or failure of the candidates is announced, and particularly when the news is taken home to those who by the hearthstone have been discussing the chances, there is not much fun in the performance. Even the successful ones find their wives and families very sick of the never-ending talk about elections; the pride has nearly all gone out of the thing before it is possessed; and the watchful wife, having perhaps seen signs of too much "sociability" in the manner and on the breath of her liege lord, begins to fear that he should have stayed out of "politics." The drain on the family purse is weighed next morning; and next week the neglect of work, the unbusinesslike lending of money and "backing of notes" are also sized up, and there are sore heads, and sore hearts, and empty pockets in so many instances that it is no wonder that the prudent wife would prefer to see her husband staying home nights rather than gadding about the concession lines.

Of course the temptations of municipal life are frivolous compared with the greater ones that come to the men who are in Provincial or Dominion politics, but it would not be a pretty picture to see a map of the farms that have run

to weeds, and the barns that are unpainted and leaky, and the families who have gone to seed because of too much political ambition. Unless a man has a strong impulse to do something, to achieve something greater than the mere promotion of himself to a place where he will be in public view, politics will always be a miserable, selfish, crafty and untruthful business. To the enthusiast, however, may come the greater pain of having his projects defeated in council and parliament, and afterwards the still greater humiliation of defeat in his constituency by some humbug a little more

get beaten a little worse than anybody else in the race. Of course the public are doubtless better judges than a committee, but they judge from a different standpoint, and their standpoint is not favorable to any body of men who seem to presume that they have a superior instinct for making a choice.

The circular-letter reproduced in the *Globe*, and which was sent out on January 2 to the leading Protestant clergymen and citizens of Ontario by a certain so-called "Patriotic Vigilance Committee," shows that someone and his friends have started the New Year with vigor. To perpetrate such a triumphant stroke of idiocy on the second day of the year gives promise of something remarkable when the year shall have reached that time in hot midsummer when dogs go mad. In July the Patriotic Vigilance Committee may be expected to call out and arm all good Protestants with firecrackers and begin the actual war which is hinted at in the present circular.

Probably the Patriotic Vigilance Committee and its circular are an elaborate humorism. It is almost impossible to regard it otherwise, unless we imagine some mentally unsound person as at the bottom of it. The *Globe*, in discussing the circular, appears to think that it is a political artifice on the part of some rather thick-witted enemies of the Laurier Government. This may

Quebec eyes. There is already too wide a breach between the Protestants and Roman Catholics of the two provinces, and this letter will increase that misunderstanding. In Ontario we know how the letter is regarded as being a hoax, however intended by those who circulated it, but it is sure to be seriously interpreted in Quebec as evidence of the malice which Orangists are supposed to entertain against all that is Roman Catholic and French-Canadian. This is the deplorable part of it, that some person or persons of unknown character can write and circulate a letter which may incalculably prejudice Quebec against Ontario, at an epoch that might prove the turning-point in the history of the comrade-peoples who have Canada in their hands.

Quite a scandal was caused in New York last week when one of the big daily papers came out with a graphic description of the send-off given by a lot of young men to one of their number who was to be married on the following day. The paper, with its startling revelations, was in the hands of the guests at the wedding, but the feeling of the bride when she read that her husband had been entertained by witnessing a dance "in the altogether," while drinking unlimited quantities of wine and singing gay songs, is not recorded and never can be fully set down in black and white. The bride and groom in this case were fairly well known in New York society. Most people will say that the bride, if she read the paper before the marriage ceremony was performed, should have declined marriage, but there are some points to be considered. In the first place, she would ask herself if the newspaper could be relied upon, and without hesitation she could decide that the newspaper could not be depended upon at all—that it was a notorious sensation-monger and had often been convicted of publishing scandalous falsehoods about people. Therefore she would require to accept the newspaper account of the indecent debauch as having the same value as an anonymous letter, and no more. The sensational newspaper has fallen to that low station. Its articles may be true, as the charges contained in an anonymous letter may be true, but no interested person, if sensible, will believe either without other proof. In the second place, the bride would ask herself if the groom's farewell to bachelorhood, supposing it to have been as described, was markedly different from the "send-offs" given to other grooms, or was the scandal in this case due to the fact that a newspaper had published an account of the affair? She would be unable to decide this, yet in seeking an answer she would reflect that her *fiance* was apparently as correct in character as any young man of her acquaintance. The groom, if confronted with the newspaper, would say at once that the report of the affair was a scandalous exaggeration, and that the affair had only been the customary send-off—such an one as her own brother would receive the night before his marriage. So, all considered, only a bride who had been educated in the strictest school of morals and in a town where the newspapers were held in respect, would have the courage to reject the bridegroom at the altar on such grounds.

Some people indulge a moral latitude that astounds others, but no one can quite comprehend the conditions that prevail outside his or her own sphere. The whole incident in New York will seem foreign and offensive to many of our readers, yet some who would say that the bride should have refused marriage and that the bridegroom should have been ostracized from decent society, will themselves not hesitate to do many things almost equally horrifying to another and still more severely moral portion of society. Yet when all is said and done, and palliated by every sophistry that one can think of, the practice of giving a young man a "wild night" just before his marriage is a very bad one. No man can worthily stand at the marriage altar if he has spent the previous night in an impure atmosphere, and the influence of such a preliminary to marriage upon a man somewhat weak of character may cause his whole view of married life to become perverted. Even where no excesses are indulged in on such an occasion the party requires to be made up of a very choice lot of young men, and the guest of the evening and the bridegroom of the morrow requires to possess the respect of his fellows and of himself, or the affair will fall below the level of good taste. The marriage altar symbolizes everything that is sacred in religion, wise in law and good in humanity. If a man's life has not been quite perfect before he steps up to that altar, he should go through a process of purification rather than take a final roll in the mire.

Speaking of the article in the New York paper and of the circular sent out in Canada by the "Patriotic Vigilance Committee," are these not on a par with the anonymous letter which a malicious person sometimes sends in order to destroy a peaceful home? The anonymous circular in question was sent out in order to disturb the domestic peace of the country, to cause neighbors to view each other with suspicion and to spy upon each other's acts and words. The article in the New York paper was anonymous, because we cannot know who the writer was or what degree of malice may have moved him. The man who uses a signature when writing in a newspaper may be identified if need be. If he writes vulgarly, he is held to account; if he slanders good people, he may be got at; and the knowledge that he, in his own person, will be judged and valued by his writings, inspires him with a sense of



A LONDON "GROWLER."

alert and ready of tongue than himself.

Sizing up the whole situation and remembering how, early and late, the candidate must be at work; how, without regard to time, inclination his own business, he must be always ready to respond to the beck and call of his masters, the people, it is really surprising that so many hard-headed and successful farmers and business men, doctors, lawyers and merchants, get mixed up in campaigns and go almost crazy in order to achieve what with them is not a patriotic, but a personal or partizan desire. Yet on the other hand, no man could employ himself in a more wretchedly disheartening and disturbing affair than to be a candidate where an overwhelming clamor has not been raised for the man rather than by the man. Nowadays demands for a man are seldom, and in nine cases out of ten unsatisfactory. Generally it is when a party has got itself into the deepest kind of a hole, or the business men of a city or section of the country see disaster into which their finances are drifting, that some organized and well-intentioned effort is made to bring into public life a personage of sufficient importance and reputation to better what is evidently a bad job. It is not creditable to the best understanding of those who look upon public business as something to be attended to by men with personal ambitions, that a specially selected and capable candidate is likely to

be the right view, but if so, the Government must be congratulated upon the fact that its enemies have such a poor mentality. In the first place, the circular is clumsy in every way. If we are not to assume that it is a jest, but written and circulated in dire earnest, then its terms have an absurd tone of conspiracy, its references to loyalty are so frequent as to be in-artistic and unconvincing, and its final request to send secret information to "the central Liberal-Conservative Associations and other loyal organizations of the country" is too barefaced an exposure of the real purpose of the circular. No person or persons enjoying any right to speak or act for the Conservative party could draft and circulate such a clumsy letter—a letter that by its very tone invited the recipient to parade it or send it to the *Globe*. Moreover, such a letter is, at the present juncture, much more likely to do the Government a pile of good in Quebec than to do it an ounce of harm in Ontario. This is so apparent that this consideration alone would seem to prove that no sane Conservatives are responsible for it. But be the source of the circular what it may—some practical joker, some unhinged Conservative, some unbalanced Anti-Romanist—the fact stands that the letter will prove a great assistance to the Liberal party in the provincial elections in Quebec.

But in doing this it will injure Ontario in

responsibility that safeguards the public. But if a man is writing anonymously and turning in copy like a machine, he may vilify a man in print one day and break bread with him the next, confident that his deceit will not be discovered. If the work of every editor and reporter were initiated in a daily newspaper, we might have less interesting newspapers but we should have newspapers that would always be fit to enter homes, and the reputations of men and women would be safer. MACK.

Social and Personal.

The subscription dance in Confederation Life Building was a pronounced success, as, indeed, was no wonder, for a more painstaking and hard-working committee never engineered a dance to perfection. Everyone knows that the spirit of indifference or carelessness in the projectors is responsible for the failure of many an otherwise promising function; nowhere does enthusiasm pay such satisfactory dividends as when expended on the planning of amusement in the social world. Enthusiasm began and perfect organization completed the committee. Hard work did the rest. Confederation Life ball-room never held a brighter nor happier crowd of young folks, who danced incessantly to excellent music under the prettily shaded electric lights, which were veiled like enormous calla lilies in sheaths of crimson and yellow, giving a tempered light which was vastly becoming. The chaperones, among whom were Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Drayton, Mrs. Todhunter, Mrs. Smart, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Hall, were the special care of the half-dozen committee men, who treated them like rare brie-a-brac and looked after their comfort in a most solicitous manner. Mrs. Drayton and Mrs. Palmer received the young people, and at eleven o'clock the chaperones were escorted to supper, the room being reserved for them until half-past eleven. Among the hundreds of fair young faces which beamed happily upon stalwart young partners, I remarked some exceedingly beautiful ones, most of them yet in the ranks of the "not-outs," whose debuts may be anticipated with pleasure. The Misses Smart in charming frocks; Miss Dixon, in blue, with fur border; her sister, in a lovely little over-gown of frilled silk muslin over pink silk; the Misses Thompson, in striped prune and pale blue silk, with crepe bodice, and delicate organdie over silk; Miss Evans, in a perfect little white satin gown, with butterfly sleeves; Miss White, a strikingly beautiful girl with chestnut braids; Miss Margaret Worden, in white muslin; Miss Baird, in pink silk, and Miss Violet Towers in deep pink were a few of the many young girls whose pretty faces and gowns struck one *en passant*. A few young matrons, Mrs. Willie Galbraith, Mrs. George Baird, Mrs. Jack Murray, Mrs. Cox, Mrs. Aird, and others also enjoyed this charming dance. A very nice supper was provided by Albert Williams, whose game course is always well served, and whose men seem unusually quick and obliging. A good deal of sly fun was poked at some of us who had criticized the extraordinary lack of toilet tables recently, but really it is time someone considered this little matter. On Wednesday a very dusty mirror was stuck on the floor in one corner of the dressing-room, another was propped up behind a wash-stand, and in neither one could you see your face as it might have been. I wonder who will be the blessed committeeman, or caterer, (for really, I am told the caterer is sometimes also the *valet de chambre*), so far as arranging the dressing-room is concerned, who will tackle this neglect and fit us out a decent toilet-stand and a clean mirror. When one comes direct from one's own *boudoir*, small touches of powder and arrangement of locks can be possibly dispensed with, but after one has sat through a couple of acts of the Mandarin or the Wizard of the Nile one is apt to have laughed off the necessary primness and be glad, as Patti tells Van Biele his music compelled her to do, "to go up-stairs three times and put on fresh powder," only La Diva's tears were of a deeper font than those which hysterical laughter at Daniels called forth.

Mrs. W. G. Wallace, who is residing at No. 15 Madison avenue, will receive on the afternoons of Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of next week. The reception was to have been held some weeks ago, but owing to the sudden death of her brother-in-law, Mr. W. C. B. Rathbun, it has been postponed until the days mentioned above.

Miss Bessie Hees' dance on Monday evening was one of the crushes which betray the popularity of the house party and bring many pleasant people together. Three rooms deep and three stories high, the pretty house in St. George street literally swarmed with guests, most of them radiantly young and lovely with *le beau de diable*, which time the inexorable delights to steal away, all of them in high good humor and enjoying themselves thoroughly. Verily, there are some lovely buds in the giddy whirl this season. No more attractive young thing has crossed my vision than Miss Matthews, who was demurely unconscious of her loveliness, though in saying so I might as well liken her to the little idols who have ears and hear not. Mrs. Hees wore a rich black silk reception gown, with jetted panels and point lace *berthe*. Miss Bessie was the sweetest little hostess imaginable, and was assisted by her sister, Mrs. Haas, and I remarked the noble aid in that respect given by Mr. Hees, *pere*, and his son-in-law, Mr. Stephen Haas, who, with the two sons of the house, Harry and Ralph, were a quartette to excite the emulation of every man whose fate it is to assist a hostess. One of the most elegant suppers I have seen in a long time was served by Toronto's cleverest *chef*, and the devices in which edible dainties were sequestered were a study in decorative art. Supper was served upstairs, the billiard-room on the third flat being the Mecca of *tele-a-telere*, and the various cosy corners, dim-lit nooks and dainty little apartments holding many a quiet couple or merry and unselfish group. The two *salons* and the dining-room were arranged with linen floors for the dancers, and the orchestra was stationed midway in the hall. A few of the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Henri Snyder, Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther, Mr. and Mrs. E. H.

Duggan, Mr. and Mrs. Staunton King, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holmes, Dr. and Mrs. Garratt, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Goulding, Mrs. Covert Moffatt, Miss Drayton, the Misses Smart, Mr. and Mrs. Le Grand Reed, Miss Coldham, Mr. and Mrs. McAndrew, Mr. and Mrs. McArthur, Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Hoskins, Miss Ellis, Miss Margaret Worden, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beatty, the Misses Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Christie, Mrs. Reed of Detroit, Miss King, Miss Dwight, Miss Flossie Kemp, Mr. Spellman, Mr. Courtney, Mr. Cleve Hall, Mr. Lorne Cosby, Mr. Craig, Mr. Gault and hosts of others.

For some weeks since Mr. William McCaskill Warden's severe attack of pneumonia it has been suggested that a trip south would be needed to restore the well known hockey player to his former health. Acting on this idea, Mr. and Mrs. Warden left last Monday for a Southern visit, and in the balmy climate of the Carolinas, with the sweetest of nurses, it will be a wonder if it is long before we hear of "Billy's" removal from the sick list. That he and his loving little wife have the best wishes of all goes without saying, and also that their absence is deplored.

Mr. Fred Beardmore was a much welcomed holiday visitor. A good many people have been birds of passage, paying Toronto a brief visit the last fortnight. Colonel and Mrs. Sweny have entertained relatives; Mrs. Stratford has entertained Professor Gregor; Mrs. Charlie Ryerson has had a lovely guest in her sister, Mrs. Schonberger of Scarlet Oaks, Cincinnati; Mrs. Kerr Osborne has had Miss Titus of Boston on a short visit; Mrs. Fiske (*nee* Beardmore) has been staying with Mrs. John Cawthra; Miss Atkinson of Quebec has been visiting Miss Constance Temple. The various cadets of the Military College, Kingston, have also been home for the holidays. One of these young people has been esteemed beforehand for his father's sake. I refer to young Courtney, a guest of Mr. W. H. Beatty, and whose Episcopal sire is the very model of all that a bishop ought to be. We who know him best love him most, and regret that his diocese happens to be far Nova Scotia.

Mrs. Charles Crowley of 383 Markham street is giving a series of small musicales on next Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoons from five to seven o'clock, inviting twenty-five people for each afternoon, and, as all Mrs. Crowley's friends know, something very tempting in the musical line will grace each affair. It seems a large strain to put upon even so cordial a hostess and enthusiastic a musician as Mrs. Crowley, this succession of afternoons, and her consideration for those she has bidden is worthy of all praise. How many hostesses would take so much trouble to ensure a comfortable hearing of good music? I am anticipating much pleasure in hearing the sweet voice of the hostess herself, as I am told her earnest study has developed it wonderfully, under Mr. Haslam's direction. Mrs. Crowley gave a very pleasant progressive *euchre* on Thursday from four to seven o'clock.

Mrs. George A. Cox receives this afternoon from four-thirty to seven o'clock. Mrs. Cox's handsome residence in Sherbourne street (the old Howland homestead) is so spacious and accessible that everyone will find comfort and pleasure at this reception.

Mrs. Grantham of 80 College street has sent out cards for an afternoon tea on next Wednesday.

The Toronto Athletic Club was *en fete* last evening for the annual ball, one of this week's largest affairs.

Several very pretty luncheons, two of them preceding matinee parties, were given the end of last week.

It was a very naughty youngster who sprinkled the salted almonds with cayenne at a smart house the other day. They were hot, hotter, hottest, and the people who ate them nearly strangled, but the author of the mischief was the very hottest of all, in spots, as it were, when dear daddy and the strap had interviewed him.

Wednesday afternoon, though brightened by several very pleasant teas, and much calling on smart people who affect the first Wednesday as their special reception day, lacked one rendezvous which nothing compensates for. The Government House *habitués* missed the graceful lady who has for five seasons met them with the ever-cordial greeting and the smiling brown eyes. There was a regular Jeremiah wail over the absence of His Honor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick in more than one smart circle as five o'clock rang on St. James' Big Ben. It is really too bad that the salt sea rolls between us and our representatives of royalty in these last few months of their reign. That health restored and hearts relieved and the quickest ship that races across the briny may speedily send them back, is the wish of all and sundry who love them.

A sign of the times which struck me this Christmas was that out of over a score of presents to children and very young girls which I saw, all but two were rings or jewelry of some sort. One little girl of twelve got an exquisite little watch, set in pearls around blue enamel, and her father says she will never let it run down, she is such an utterly methodical little dame. Children of eight and ten got bracelets, rings and such things, as costly and as elegant as one could wish. The two exceptions were a skating outfit, with a rink ticket, and a very up-to-date camera, the girl and the boy recipients being expert in both fads.

There should be strict rules of Leo Hunter etiquette. The Lion should not be monopolized in public, but passed around like a photograph or a rare bit of glass or china, that the crowd of celebrity-hunters be not balked of their prey. A chaperon should accompany the Lion to scramble teas and crowded at Homes, and time should be promptly called on interviewers every two minutes. It is not good form to make audible remarks on the Lion's personal appearance, nor is it quite the thing to invite him to one's dinners or teas in the very first gasp after the handshake. The Lion should not be asked his opinion of his host and



Nett—I suppose Dr. Yonge has very few patients yet.
Mab—I think he has more than he knows what to do with.

hostess, as a Lion was asked the other day, nor is it considerate to enlighten him as to their social status, as I heard a person doing not long since. He's in for it, and where ignorance is bliss, knowledge is often—blister! In fact, a little less of the chase and a little more self-respect, with perhaps some inkling of the truth that a Lion may be also a man with a capacity for weariness and a sense of humor, both of which are sometimes almost overpowering, would reduce the business of Lion-hunting to rational limits and restore the community to a basis of common sense.

Last Sunday saw quite a number of cyclists taking a venturesome spin by way of a wind-up to the season. What a satisfactory season it has been to some of them. By the way, the motor carriage has been about town several times; have you seen it? Mr. Thomas of the Lozier Bicycle firm was out a day or so before Christmas and enjoyed a fine ride.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Van de Carr will be sorry to hear of the death of their baby son, Beverly, who was born in Los Angeles, Cal., in February last, and died Thursday, January 7, at Norway Place, where Mr. and Mrs. Van de Carr are residing.

Rohallion's host and hostess and a very smart party of guests saw the New Year in together in true old fashion, the genial Colonel and his always esteemed wife giving and taking sincerest greetings. Mrs. Sweny's dances are always looked forward to with anticipations sure to be realized, for no more tactful and cordial hostess entertains in Toronto than the mistress of Rohallion, which is one of the most thoroughly cosy and home-like houses, and whose guests are most appreciative of its attractions.

Miss Helen Macdonald went east last week on a visit to friends in Montreal.

Mrs. Charles Moss, who had a severe fall last Saturday, is recovering very nicely I am glad to hear.

It is not often that a lawn bowling match is played in Ontario on January 5, but in Belleville on Tuesday the local club had a match on their lawn. Two rinks, skipped by Mr. W. H. Biggar, M.P.P., and Mr. W. W. Pope, played three games, Mr. Biggar's rink winning by a small margin.

Miss Aileen Gooderham's young people's dance on Thursday evening was much enjoyed by a smart party. Her home has its honors for many years back as one of the best equipped in Toronto for such a function.

Mrs. T. A. Rowan has removed from 140 Bedford road to her beautiful new home, 210 Bloor street west, opposite McMaster Hall and overlooking the Queen's Park. Mrs. Rowan will receive, as formerly, on the first and second Fridays of each month.

Friday, January 1, was the date of a very happy event at the residence of Mrs. Galbraith of Paisley, the occasion being the marriage of her sister-in-law, Miss Mary E., to Mr. A. W. Parrish. Miss McArthur was bridesmaid, and the groomsmen were Mr. F. A. Black. The bride wore a dainty gown of white silk, and carried a magnificent bouquet of white roses and maiden-hair fern. Rev. Mr. Johnston performed the ceremony, and the bride was given away by her brother, Mr. A. Galbraith. Many handsome presents were received by the happy couple, who left for a trip to Toronto and Port Perry.

It is generally conceded that Wednesday evening, on the occasion of the Bachelors' ball, the Opera House, Aylmer, was the scene of the most brilliant function that has ever transpired in the town. The unusual degree of taste shown in the adornment of the walls, galleries, stage and ceiling of the hall, the host of attractive demoiselles, the variety and richness of their attire, combined to make the picture a pleasing and delightful one. The patronesses were: Mesdames Marshall, Heiter, Crawford, Walker, Bingham, Duane, Backus, and Flar. Among, but by no means all, the dresses deserving of mention were: Miss Nora Kingston, pale blue satin; Miss Brown, corn-colored silk; Miss Muir, white silk and silver gauze; Miss Holmes, white muslin; Miss Ethel Bingham (a debutante), cream silk; Miss McPhail, blue silk *crepe*; Mrs. Smith, lemon satin and violets; Miss Kingston, mauve and green silk; Miss Harris, blue silk and chiffon; Miss Macdonald, white muslin; Mrs. G. A. Bingham, peach-bloom silk; Miss Muir, figured silk with fur; Miss Navin, pink silk and green velvet; Miss O'Callaghan, green silk and pink chiffon; Miss Duane, pale blue silk; Miss Wegg, white organdie over green silk; Miss Powell, yellow silk and black chiffon. Among those present from a distance were: Miss Morley, Miss Clara Morley of Port Stanley; Miss Day, Miss Scarf, Miss Wegg, Miss Moore,

Miss Fitzsimmons, the Misses Broderick of St. Thomas; Miss Holmes, Miss Macdonald, and Messrs. Spittal, Moore and Mosure of London; Miss McLaughlin, and Messrs. Watt and Scarf of Brantford; Miss Atelka Hegler and Miss Margaret Dunn of Ingersoll; Mr. Grant Gordon of Glencoe, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Lambert of Wyoming, the Misses Cole of Sparta, Dr. Ashbaugh of Windsor, Miss McCleary of Windsor, Miss Overell of Hamilton, the Misses Muir of Port Huron, Mr. John Muir of Port Huron, Miss Rush-ton of Ridgeway, Messrs. G. W. Swaisland and F. A. Johns of Woodstock, Dr. MacLaren of Vancouver, B.C., Miss Weisbrod and Mr. Sandford Lindsay of Collingwood, Mr. and Mrs. George Brasher, Miss Cowan, Miss Swayzie, Miss Dobie, Miss Becker, Miss McPhail, and Messrs. Merrill, Foster, Farmer, Livingstone, Sutherland, Bane and Nicholson of Tilsonburg; Miss Harris Courtland, Miss Pearsall, and Mr. and Mrs. Kilmaster of Port Rowan; Mr. J. Mann of Fort Erie. The several committees and their respective chairmen have earned the most deserving praise, as well for their skill as for their zeal in the conduct of their duties, especially the committees on decoration and supper. The music for the evening was furnished by the London harpers.

A very quiet but fashionable wedding took place at the residence of Ald. W. P. Macmicking of Walkerville on December 31, when his second daughter, Georgina T., was united in marriage to Dr. W. A. Gray of Smith's Falls. Miss Bessie Macmicking was bridesmaid and Mr. De Vere Hunt of Smith's Falls best man. Among the invited guests were: Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Macpherson, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Kenning of Windsor, Mrs. T. Macmicking, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Macmicking, Mrs. Arthur Henry of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Molson of Smith's Falls, Mrs. George Thompson of Elora, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gordon of Fergus, Miss M. North of Teviotdale, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Turner, Miss Ruby Turner, Miss Eva Woollett, Messrs. F. J. Miller, A. D. Green, Ernest C. and William P. Macmicking, Jr., of Walkerville, Mr. Oscar Macmicking of Warton, Mr. R. H. Macmicking of Drayton. The presents were both numerous and beautiful. Dr. and Mrs. Gray left on the midnight train for a tour of the Eastern States, expecting, after a fortnight, to take up their residence in Smith's Falls.

The ball given by the Bachelors and Benedicts of Walkerton on New Year's eve was pronounced by many as being far in excess of those given in previous years, which must have been very gratifying to the stewards and lady patronesses, as they were untiring in their efforts to make it a grand success. The hall was very tastefully decorated with bunting and Union Jacks, and the way in which the dancing was kept up shows how the perfect music furnished by the orchestra was appreciated. We regret very much our inability to give a full description of the gowns worn by the ladies, as some of them were really very handsome. Among those present were noticed: Mr. and Mrs. the Misses Cargill, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Cargill of Cargill, Miss Kerr of Orangeville, Dr. and Miss Park, Mr. Hunter, Mr. Lauder of Durham, Miss Landerkin of Hanover, Miss Soper of Windsor, Mr. McBeath of Milverton, Col. and Mrs. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Clark, Mr. E. Miller of Kincardine, Mr. and the Misses Kyle, Mr. and Miss Brown of Chesley, Miss Robertson of Woodstock, Miss Astley of Strathroy, Mr. and Mrs. Flood of Paisley, Miss Stewart of Southampton, Mrs. and Miss McEachren of Clifford, Mrs. J. R. Shaw, Miss Bruce, Mr. H. Ferguson of Toronto, Mr. Fred Hughes of Waterloo, Mr. F. Fox of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. O'Connor, Mrs. McCrum, Mr. and Mrs. Nichols, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Truax, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. McKay, Mrs. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Barrett, Misses Crawford, Farquharson, Arscott, Barrett, Sinclair, Tolton, Truax, Nichols, Fox, Collins, Weekes, Wilkes, McLean, and Messrs. Gould, Thompson, A. B. Klein, Shaw, Attwood, Stovel, Butler, A. S. McLean, Bate, Maybee, Lount, McKay, Blair, M. McLean, Read, A. Collins, Smythe, W. Collins, and Dunlop of Walkerton.

Miss Wylie of Hamilton is visiting Mrs. Spragge of Wellington street.

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Social and Personal.

Mrs. Jones gave a very large afternoon reception at Benvenuto last Saturday for her guests, Mr. and Mrs. Hudson of New York, when the Americans had the opportunity of meeting scores of Toronto's nice people. "Beautiful Benvenuto," remarked an artistic woman, and indeed the alliteration is justifiable when one speaks of the artistic home, *par excellence*, of our city. From gates to garret one sees rare things picked up in foreign wandering, things precious to cultured taste, though often passed over carelessly by the uncultivated, or decried by the envious, soul. I do not know of anything more depressing than to watch the depreciating look of many a Mrs. Raggles, a lady of whom you may perhaps have heard as remarking: "I've seen the 'Pollo Belvedere,' an' I've seen Raggles, and—*give me Raggles!*" That we have our over-loyal Mesdames Raggles is unfortunately a self-evident fact in such a new and small city as Toronto, and that they prefer blue and crimson plush *portieres* and all the crude glories of the Phillistina, one cannot deny; but there are many not akin to the Raggles connection, who quietly feast upon many rare and beautiful things at Benvenuto and know of the taste and care which selected them. Mrs. Jones was assisted by her daughter and niece, and Mrs. Hudson was also of the reception party. The hostess wore a very rich and dainty gown of embroidered gauze over satin, and the young ladies were in pink frocks, contrasting well with Mrs. Hudson's black gown. Mrs. Jones, who is never so thoroughly in her element as when extending the "glad hand" to her friends, must have had enough good wishes to ensure her unalloyed happiness during 1897. Many enquiries were made for the absentee, Miss Eva, who has been spending a short holiday from her musical studies at Leipzig with friends in England, and is very well and absorbed in music. The *buffet*, which was set in the now famous tapestried dining-room, was beautified with an effective arrangement of meteor roses and rich red ribbons, which I heard whispered to be the design of a charming artist who has ideas by the score, always new and telling. D'Alesandro's harp and mandolin orchestra played unusually well in the hall alcove. As to whom the crowds numbered, it was easy to see that they were *tres connues*, the one to the other, and some Christmas guests of well known hostesses were speedily presented to many of Toronto's brightest people. Whether New Year's Day hilarity, having been smothered by the murky weather of the holiday, had been stored up for Saturday's function, I know not, but there was any amount of fun, many a clever *mot* and hearty laugh at that same festivity. On Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. Jones gave a dinner party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Hudson, who returned to New York this week.

On Tuesday evening the Dancing Club met at Mrs. Montizambert's new home in St. George street, where a most delightful evening was enjoyed by all. Dr. and Mrs. Montizambert leave shortly on a trip through eastern American cities, and during their tour will gladden themselves and their daughter Mildred, now in Baltimore, by a visit.

The Mendelssohn Choir have secured a grand list of patronesses for their concert in Massey Hall on January 28. The patrons are: His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Col. Sir Casimir Gzowski, and the patronesses: Lady Gzowski, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. George Arthur, Mrs. George Dickson, Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Mrs. A. A. Macdonald, Mrs. Irving Cameron, Mrs. John Cawthra, Mrs. J. Herbert Mason and Mrs. S. Nordheimer. The charmingly pretty *Parisienne* who is to sing at this concert, Mademoiselle Vulet, is likely to be a great attraction if her portraits are in the least like her.

Mrs. Fletcher Snider of Lislehurst entertained the Deer Park Whist Club and their lady friends on New Year's eve. All had a most enjoyable time.

Mr. and Mrs. Dainty of the Poplars, Cobourg, have issued invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Edith, to Mr. Henry Fitzhugh of Pittsburgh, on Wednesday, January 13.

Miss Flora Macdonald, 127 St. George street, invited many of her little friends to take afternoon tea with her on Saturday, January 2.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Winstanley spent New Year's day in Buffalo, visiting Mr. and Mrs. Keble Merritt, who are now residing in the Bison City. Mr. Merritt has accepted a very good appointment in insurance circles, and neither he nor his better half forget their Toronto friends, who often think of them.

Sir Oliver Mowat was in town last week and is looking remarkably well.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Goulding have been welcome guests at many of the late social events. Everyone is glad to see Mrs. Goulding there after her long seclusion, and, as she laughingly admits, she is making a very pleasant *debut*.

The Bachelors of Barrie gave a charming ball on New Year's Eve, at which the music was furnished by D'Alesandro and was rapturously enjoyed several times.

A few men went calling on New Year's Day, but the ancient custom has evidently followed the ancient weather, and its galvanized corpse isn't much fun.

Mr. Victor Cawthra's birthday party was a grand gathering of young people from all our smart families, and Yeadon Hall, the ever-hospitable, has another bright memory stored up. If walls have ears, what numberless sweet nothings they must have heard on New Year's Eve, for there were several pairs of lovers among those merry dancers, and sitting-out nooks were at a premium. The dance and New Year's Eve watch-night festivities were preceded by a dinner, at which the following young people were entertained: Miss Arthurs, Miss Jean Clark, Miss Gooderham of Maplecroft, Miss Bessie Macdonald, Miss Sullivan, the Misses Beatty, Captain Kirkpatrick, Mr. O. A. Howland, Mr. Churchill Cockburn, Mr.



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Bertie Cawthra, Mr. Scott Griffin, Mr. Jack Macdonald, Mr. Clarence Bogert, Mr. Gordon Clark, and Mr. George Evans.

A very jolly New Year's dinner was given by Mrs. Arthurs of Ravenswood to a large party of young people last Friday evening.

Dinners were given on Thursday and yesterday evenings by Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, and on yesterday evening the Premier and Mrs. Hardy also gave a very charming dinner.

Mrs. Byron Nicholson has returned from Quebec for the winter, and receives at 571 Ontario street on the first and third Thursday. Her many friends will be pleased to learn that Mrs. Nicholson's artistic vocalism has won many graceful compliments in the Lower Province.

A very pretty wedding took place on Tuesday evening, December 29, at No. 6 Clarence square, the residence of the bride's mother, when Miss Florence B. Ridout was married to Mr. Harry W. Bender, late of Toronto. The guests, numbering about fifty, were mostly relatives of the bride and groom. After supper dancing was indulged in, and at eleven o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Bender left for a trip to New York, after which they will settle down in Binghampton.

The president of the Young Women's Christian Association (southern branch) and several ladies of the Board, were present last Thursday afternoon at the hall, corner of Richmond and Sheppard streets, where a Christmas festival was given to the members of Miss Bruenech's mothers' meeting, and their children. Short addresses were given, songs sung, and after partaking of a sumptuous tea the guests left, carrying away toys, candies, oranges, apples, cakes and Christmas cards. The women and children all enjoyed themselves, but the only thing which in any way marred their pleasure was the absence, through illness, of Miss Bruenech, who has, during a number of years, so successfully carried on this work.

Hazelhurst, the beautiful residence of Mr. John Craig, M.P.P., in Fergus, was all aglow on New Year's Eve, the occasion being an At Home given by Mr. Craig and his daughter, Miss Nellie Craig. The large front parlor was nicely arranged for dancing and the interior of the house presented a fine appearance, being

nice decorated with holly and flowers. Besides a large number of Fergus people, guests were present from Toronto, Hamilton, Guelph, Orangeville and a number of the neighboring villages. A nicely prepared supper was served in good style and a most enjoyable evening spent.

The charity ball in aid of the Toronto Hebrew Benevolent Societies held in the Confederation Life Building on New Year's eve eclipsed all the hope of the committee. It was well attended by many leading people and proved a success socially and financially. The floor committee, under the direction of Mr. Edmund Scheuer, worked well, and all the guests went home well pleased with a most enjoyable evening.

The Leighton Club is the latest on the tapis. This is a West End subscription dancing club. The lady patronesses are: Mrs. Edward Leigh, Mrs. Randolph Macdonald, Mrs. Alfred Wright, Mrs. C. C. Foster, Mrs. Milligan, Mrs. Elmes Henderson, Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, Mrs. A. B. Aylesworth and Mrs. Henry Duggan. Two dances will be held, the probable dates being January 27 and February 17. Circulars will be out in a few days, when more particulars will be known.

Dr. John Segsworth of Willinette, Ill., brother of Mr. R. F. Segsworth, barrister, has been in the city spending a couple of days, seeing friends previous to leaving for Rochester, N.Y., where he was married on New Year's Day.

Dr. Barker of Brighton, Ont., celebrated his nineteenth birthday on New Year's Day by a family dinner party. During the day he had a number of callers congratulating him on being the oldest resident of the town. His son, Mr. W. T. Barker of 113 Ossington avenue, and his grandson, Mr. Windsor Barker of 478 Euclid avenue, accompanied by their wives, were present. The old gentleman is quite hale and hearty and is a wonderful whist player for his age.

An event in the social season in this city that is always looked forward to with pleasant anticipation is the At Home of the Osgoode Legal and Literary Society. No place in the city is so splendidly fitted for a dance as Osgoode Hall. The entire building is thrown open to the guests, and the rooms, especially the library, brilliantly lighted, are seen to the very best advantage. There is no possibility of crowding, because there is more than enough room for a much larger crowd than ever assembled at a ball in Toronto. The At Home this year has been fixed for January 15, and the committee in charge of the arrangements are sparing no pains to make the affair the most successful in the history of the Society. Through the kindness of the benchers of the Law Society, the new benchers' quarters will be thrown open to the guests. The committee in charge of the music have secured the services of the band of the Queen's Own Rifles, and an orchestra to provide the dance-music. The Queen's Own Band, under the personal direction of Mr. John Bayley, will be stationed in the library, and an orchestra will be placed in Convocation Hall, while another orchestra will perform in the Law School. The secretary, Mr. John T. C. Thompson, will be pleased to forward to the invitation committee any application for invitations sent in to him. The ball is under the patronage of the treasurer and benchers of the Law Society of Upper Canada. The following is a complete list of the committee in charge: Messrs. Claude Macdonell, George Kappel, McGregor Young, Frank Grey, J. A. McDonald, Lincoln Hunter, A. T. Kirkpatrick, Reginald Geary, W. A. Lampart, A. J. Boyd, Casey Wood, Sidney Greene, Frank Ford, F. Langmuir, C. A. Moss, C. S. McInnes, Jack Falconbridge, Glyn Osler, H. L. Webb, D. S. Bowly, E. H. McLean, W. Finlayson, S. B. Woods, L. M. Lyon, J. D. McMurich, Miller Lash, T. L. Church, and John T. C. Thompson, the secretary.

Seeing Rome.

"How long have you been in Rome?" we heard of the Pope as saying to one of three visitors to whom he was giving audience, says a writer in *The Literary World*.

"Three weeks," said his Holiness, "you have seen Rome. And how long have you been here?" asked he, turning to the second visitor.

"Three months," was the answer.

"You then," continued the Pope, "have begun to see Rome. And you, sir," turning finally to the third of his visitors, "how long have you been here?"

"Three years," was the reply.

"Then you," said the Pope, "have not begun to see Rome."

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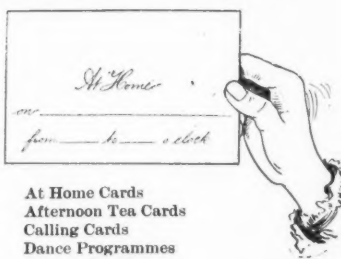
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THE LADY OF THE RED ADMIRALS

BY ARTHUR T. QUILLER-COUCH.
("Q")
Author of "The Splendid Spur."
(Copyright, 1896, by the Bachelier Syndicate.)

All day within the dreamy house
The doors upon their hinges creak'd;
The blue fly sung in the pane; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shrieked,
Or from the crevice peep'd about.
Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices called her from without.

My eyes had been occupied with the gray chimneys below, among the Spanish chestnuts, at the very moment when I slipped on the northern face of Skirrid and twisted my ankle. This indeed explains the accident; and the accident explains why my interest in the house with the gray chimneys suddenly became a personal one. Five miles separated me from my inn in Aber town. But the white smoke of a goods train went crawling across the green and cultivated plain at my feet; and I knew, though I carried no map, that somewhere under the slope to my left must hide the country station of Llanfihangel. To reach it I must pass the house, and there, no doubt, would happen on someone to set me on the shortest way.

So I picked up my walking-stick and hobbled down the hillside, albeit with pain. Where the descent eased a little I found and followed a foot-track, which in time turned into a sunk road scored deep with old cart-ruts, and so brought me to a desolate farmstead slowly dropping to ruin there in the perpetual shadow of the mountain. The slates that had fallen from the roof of byre and stable lay buried already under the growth of nettle and mallow and wild pansy; and the yard-wall was down in a dozen places. I shuffled through one of these gaps, and almost at once found myself face to face with a park-fence of split oak—in yet worse repair, if that were possible. It stretched away right and left, with promise of a noble circumference; but no hand had repaired it for at least twenty years. I counted no less than seven breaches through which a man of common size might step without squeezing; and availed myself of the nearest; and having with difficulty dragged my disabled foot up the ha-ha slope beyond, took breath at the top and looked about me.

The edge of the ha-ha stood but fifty paces back from an avenue of the most magnificent Spanish chestnuts I have ever seen in my life. A few of them were withering from the top; and under these many dead boughs lay as they had fallen, in grass that obliterated almost all trace of the broad carriage-road. But nine out of ten stood hale and stout, and apparently good for centuries to come. Northward, the gray facade of the house glimmered and closed their green perspective, and towards it I now made my way.

But I must own this avenue daunted me, as a frame altogether too lordly for a mere limping pedestrian. And therefore I was relieved, as I drew near, to catch the sound of voices behind the shrubberies on my right hand. This determined me to take the house in flank, and I diverged and pushed my way between the laurels in search of the speakers.

"A horse, a horse! My kingdom for a horse! Lobelia, how many horses has your father in stable? Red, white or gray?"

"One, Miss Wilhelmina; an' that's old Sentry-go, and father says he'll have to go to the knacker's before another winter."

"Then he shall carry me there on his back; with rings on my fingers and bells on my toes: She rode unto the knacker's yard."

And tilted at the pin;
Right glad were then the cat's meat men
To let that lady in!

—especially, Lobelia, when she alighted and sat upon the ground and began to tell them sad stories of the death of the king. But they cut off Sentry-go's head and nailed it over the gate. So he died, and she very imprudently married the master knacker, who had heard she was an heiress in her own right, and wanted to decorate his coat-of-arms with an escutcheon of pretense; and besides, his doctor had recommended a complete change."

"Law, miss, how you do run on!"

The young lady who had given utterance to this amazing rignarole stood at the top of a terrace flight (much cracked and broken) between two leaden statues (headless); a willow child in a large-brimmed hat, with a riding-switch in one hand and the other holding up an old tartan shawl, which she had pinned about her to imitate a horse-woman's habit. As she paced to and fro between the leaden statues,

pedes vestis deflexit ad imos
Et vena incessu potuit dea.

—and I noted almost at once that two or three butterflies—"red admirals" they were—floated and circled about her in the sunlight. A child of comelier make and perhaps a year older, dressed in a buff print frock and pink sun-bonnet, looked up at her from the foot of the steps. The faces of both were averted, and I stood there for at least a minute on the verge of the laurels, unobserved, considering the picture they made, and the ruinous Jacobean house that formed its background.

Never was house more eloquent of desolation. Unpainted shutters, cracking in the heat, blocked one-half of its windows. Weather-stains ran down the slats from the lantern on the main roof; while the lantern over the stable had lost its vane and the stable-clock its minute-hand. The very nails had dropped out of the gable wall, and the wistaria and Gloire de Dijon they should have supported trailed down in tangles, like curtains. Grass choked the rain-pipes, and moss dappled the gravel walk. In the border at my feet some one had attempted a clearance of the weeds; and here lay his hoe, matted with bindweed and ring-streaked with the silvery tracks of snails.

"Very well, Lobelia. We will be sensible housemaid and cook, and talk of business. We came out, I believe, to cut a cabbage-leaf to make an apple pie—"

At this point, happening to turn her head, she caught sight of me, and stopped with a slight, embarrassed laugh. I raised my hat.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but no strangers are admitted here."

"I beg your pardon—" I began; and with that, as I shifted my walking-stick, my foolish ankle gave way, and plump I sat in the very middle of the bindweed.

"You are ill?" She came quickly towards me, but halted a pace or two off. "You look as if you were going to faint."

"I'll try not to, then," said I. "The fact is, I have just twisted my ankle on the side of Skirrid yonder, and I wished to be told the shortest way to the station."

"I don't believe you can walk; and"—she hesitated a second, then went on defiantly—"we have no carriage to take you."

"I should not think of putting you to any such trouble."

"Also, if you want to reach Aber, there is no train for the next two hours. You must come in and rest."

"But really—" I am mistress here. I am Wilhelmina van der Knoop."

Being by this time on my feet again, I bowed and introduced myself by name. She nodded. The child had a thoughtful face—thoughtful beyond her years—and delicately shaped rather than pretty.

"Lobelia, run in and tell the admirals that a gentleman has called, with my permission."

Having dismissed the handmaid, she observed me in silence for a few moments while she unpinned her tartan riding-skirt. Its removal disclosed, not—as I expected—a short frock, but one of quite womanly length; and she carried it with the air of a grown woman.

"You must make allowances, please. I think," she mused, "yes, I really think you will be able to help. But you must not be surprised, mind. Can you walk alone, or will I lean a hand on my shoulder?"

I could walk alone. Of what she meant I had of course no inkling; but I saw she was as anxious now for me to come indoors as she had been prompt at first to warn me off the premises. So I hobbled after her towards the house. At the steps by the side door she turned and gave me a hand. We passed across a stone-flagged hall and through a carpetless corridor which brought us to the foot of the grand staircase; and a magnificent staircase it was, ornate with twisted balusters and hung with fine pictures, mostly by old Dutch masters. But no carpet covered the broad steps, and the pictures were perishing in their frames for lack of varnish. I had halted to stare up at a big Hondcester that hung in the sunlight over the first short flight of stairs—an elaborate "Parliament of Fowls"—when the girl turned the handle of a door to my right and entered.

"Uncle Peter, here is a gentleman who has called to see you."

As I crossed the threshold I heard a chair pushed back, and a very old gentleman rose to welcome me at the far end of the cool and shadowy room; a tall white-haired figure in a loose suit of holland. He did not advance, but held out a hand tentatively, as if uncertain from what direction I was advancing. Almost at once I saw that he was stone blind.

"But where is Uncle Melchior?" exclaimed Wilhelmina.

"I believe he is working at accounts," the old gentleman answered—addressing himself to vacancy, for she had already run from the room. He shook hands courteously and motioned me to find a chair, while he resumed his seat beside a little table heaped with letters, or rather with bundles of letters neatly tied and docketed. His right hand rested on these bundles, and his fingers tapped upon them idly for a minute before he spoke.

"You are a friend of Fritz's? of my grandson?"

"I have not the pleasure of knowing him, sir. Your niece's introduction leaves me to explain that I am just a wayfarer who had the misfortune to twist an ankle, an hour ago, on Skirrid, and crawled here to ask the way."

His face fell. "I was hoping that you brought news of Fritz. But you are welcome, sir, to rest your foot here; and I ask your pardon for not perceiving your misfortune. I am blind. But Wilhelmina—my grandniece—will attend to your wants."

"She is a young lady of very large heart," said I.

He appeared to consider for a while. "She is with me daily, but I have not seen her since she was a small child and I always picture her as a child. To you, no doubt, she is almost a woman grown?"

"In feeling I should say decidedly more woman than child—and in manner."

"You please me by saying so. She is to marry Fritz, and I wish that to happen before I die."

Receiving no answer to this—for, of course, I had nothing to say—he startled me with a sudden question. "You disapprove of cousins marrying?"

I could only murmur that a great deal depended on circumstances.

"And there are circumstances in this case. Besides, they are second cousins only. And they both look forward to it. I am not one to force their inclinations, you understand—though, of course, they know it to be my wish—the wish of both of us, I may say; for Melchior is as one with me in this. Wilhelmina accepts her future—speaks of it, indeed, with gaiety. And as for Fritz though they have not seen each other since he was a mere boy and she an infant—as for Fritz, he writes—but you shall judge from his last letter."

He felt among the packets and selected one. "I know one from tother by the knots," he explained. "I am an old seaman! Now here is his last, written from the South Pacific station. He sends his love to 'Mina, and jokes about her being husband-high; 'but she must grow, if we are to do credit to the Van der Knoops at the altar.' It seems that he is something below the traditional height of our family; but a thorough seaman, for all his modesty. There, sir; you will find the passage on the fourth page, near the top."

I took the letter; and there, to be sure, read

the words the old admiral had quoted. But it struck me that Fritz van der Knoop used a very ladylike handwriting, and of a sort not usually taught on H.M.S. Britannia.

"In two years' time the lad will be home, all being well. And then, of course, we shall see."

"Of what rank is he?"

"At present a second lieutenant. His age is but twenty-three. The Van der Knoops have all followed the sea, as the portraits in this house will tell you. Ay, and we have fought against England in our time. As late as 1672, Adrian van der Knoop commanded a ship under De Ruyter when he out-generated the English in Southwold bay. But since 1688 our swords have been at the service of our adopted country; and she has used them, sir."

I am afraid I was not listening. My chair faced the window, and as I glanced at the letter in my hands enough light filtered through its transparent "foreign" paper to throw up the watermark, and it bore the name of a firm of papermakers in Aber town.

This small discovery, quite unwillingly made, gave me a sudden sense of shame, as though I had been playing some dishonorable trick. I was hastily folding up the paper, to return it, when the door opened and Wilhelmina came in, with her Uncle Melchior.

She seemed to divine in an instant what had happened; threw a swift glance at the blind admiral, and almost as swiftly took the letter from my hand and restored it to the packet. The next moment with perfect coolness she was introducing me to her Uncle Melchior.

Melchior van der Knoop was perhaps ten years younger than his brother, and carried his tall figure buttoned up tightly in an old-fashioned frock-coat; a mummy of a man, with a fixed air of mild bewilderment, and a trick of running his left hand through his white hair—due, no doubt, to everlasting difficulty with the family accounts. He shook hands as ceremoniously as his brother.

"We have been talking of Fritz," said old Peter.

"Oh, yes—of Fritz. To be sure," Melchior answered him vaguely, and looked at me with a puzzled smile. There was silence in the room till his brother spoke again. "I have been showing Mr. — Fritz's last letter."

"Fritz writes entertainingly," murmured Melchior, and seemed to cast about for another word, but repeated, "—entertainingly. If the state of your ankle permits, sir, you will perhaps take an interest in our pictures. I shall be happy to show them to you."

And so, with the occasional support of Melchior's arm, I began a tour of the house. The pictures indeed were a sufficient reward—seascapes by Willem van der Velde, flower-portraits by Willem van Aslet, tavern-scenes by Adrian van Ostade; a notable Cuyt; a small Gerard Oud of peculiar richness; portraits—Bourgmester Albert van der Knoop, by Thomas de Keyser—Admiral Nicholas, by Kneller—Admiral Peter (granduncle of the blind admiral), by Romney—and so forth. My blind seemed as honestly proud of them as if they were of their condition, which was in almost every case deplorable. By and by, in the library, we came upon a modern portrait of a rosy-faced boy in a blue suit, who held (strange combination!) a large ribstone pippin in one hand and a cricket bat in the other—a picture altogether of such glaring demerit that I wondered for a moment why it hung so conspicuously over the fireplace while worthy paintings were thrust into obscure corners. Then with a sudden inkling I glanced at Uncle Melchior. He nodded gravely.

"That is Fritz."

I pulled out my watch. "I believe," I said, "it must be time for me to bid your brother good-by."

"You need be in no hurry," said Miss Wilhelmina's voice behind me. "The last train to Aber has gone at least ten minutes since. You must dine and sleep with us to-night."

I awoke next morning between sheets of sweet-smelling linen in a carved four-post bed, across the head-board of which ran the motto "*strenuata quid facient*," in faded letters of gilt. If the appearance of the room, with its tattered hangings and rickety furniture, had counted for anything, my dreams should certainly have been haunted. But as a matter of fact I never slept better. Possibly the lightness of the dinner (cooked by the small handmaid, Lobelia) had something to do with it; possibly, too, the infectious somnolence of the two admirals, who spoke but little during the meal, and nodded, without attempt at dissimulation, over the dessert. At any rate, shortly after nine o'clock—when Miss Wilhelmina brought out a heavy church service, and Uncle Melchior read the lesson and collect for the day and a few prayers, including the one "For Those at Sea"—I had felt quite ready for bed. And now, thanks to a cold compress, my ankle had mended considerably. I descended to breakfast in very cheerful mind and found Miss Wilhelmina alone at the table.

"Uncle Peter," she explained, "rarely comes down before midday; and Uncle Melchior breakfasts in his room. He is busy with the accounts."

"So early?"

She smiled rather sadly. "They take a deal of looking after, I assure you."

She asked how my ankle did. When I told her, and added that I must catch an early train back to Aber, she merely said: "I will walk to the station with you, if I may."

And so at ten o'clock—after I had bidden farewell to Uncle Melchior, who wore the air of one interrupted in a long sum of compound addition—we set forth. I knew the child had something on her mind, and wondered how long she would take in disclosing it. Once, by a ruinous fountain where a stone Triton blew patiently at a conch-shell plugged with turf, she paused and dug at the mortared joints of the basin with the point of her sunshade; and I thought the confidence was coming. But it was by the tumble-down gate at the end of the chestnut avenue that she turned and faced me.

"I knew you yesterday at once," she said. "You write novels."

"I wish," said I feebly, "the public were as quick at discovering me."

"Somebody printed an 'Interview' with you in '—Magazine' a month or two ago."

"There was not the slightest resemblance."

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"Please don't be silly. There was a photograph."

"Ah, to be sure."

"You can help me—help us all—if you will."

"Is it about Fritz?"

She bent her head and signed to me to open the gate. Across the highroad a stile faced us, and a little church, with an acre framed in elms and set about with trimmed yews. She led the way to the low and whitewashed porch, and pushed open the iron-studded door. As I followed, the name of Van der Knoop repeated itself on many mural tablets before she paused, almost at the end of the south aisle, and pointed.

I read:

SACRED
To the Memory of
FRITZ OPDAM DE KEYSER VAN DER
KNOOPE
A Midshipman of the Royal Navy
Who was born Oct. 21st MDCCCLXVII.
And Died
By the Capsizing of H. M. S. Viper
off the North Coast of Ireland
On the 17th of January MDCCCLXXXVI.
A youth of peculiar promise who lacked but
the greater indulgence of an all-wise
Providence
to earn the distinction of his forefathers
(of whom he was the last male representative)
in his Country's service
in which
he laid down his young life.
Heu miserande puer. Si qua fata aspera
rumpas Tu Marcellus eris.

"Uncle Melchior had it set up. I wonder what Fritz was really like."

"And your Uncle Peter still believes—?"

"Oh, yes. I am to marry Fritz in time. That is where you must help us. It would kill Uncle Peter if he knew. But Uncle Melchior gets puzzled whenever it comes to writing; and I am afraid of making mistakes. We've put him down in the South Pacific station at present—that will last for two years more. But we have to invent the gossip, you know. And I thought that you—who wrote stories—"

"My dear child," I said, "let me be Fritz, and you shall have a letter duly once a month."

And my promise was kept—until, two years ago, she wrote that there was no further need for letters, for Uncle Peter was dead. For aught I know, by this time Uncle Melchior may be dead also. But regularly, as the monthly date comes around, I am Fritz Opdam de Keyser van der Knoop, a young midshipman of her majesty's navy; and wonder what my affianced bride is doing; and see her on the terrace steps with those butterflies floating

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about her. In my part of the world it is believed that the souls of the departed pass into these winged creatures. So might the souls of those many pictured admirals—but some day, before long, I hope to cross Skirrid again and see.

THE END.

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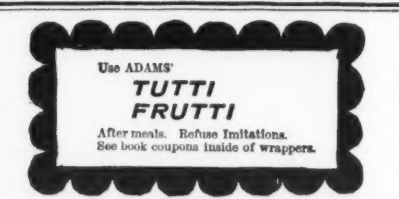
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QUEER CORNER

NOTICE.—The readers of SATURDAY NIGHT are requested to contribute information to this department. Items regarding events that have occurred in Canada will be especially welcomed, although facts, whether original or not, native or foreign, will be published if interesting. Queer occurrences are constantly happening, and we are anxious to place them on record. Any interesting item on any subject will be published.

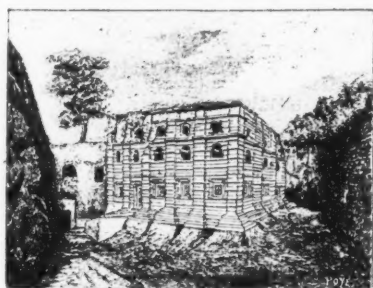
Any fact, article or piece of information sent in and not used will be returned by the editor and the reason of its rejection explained. Address letters to "Queer Corner," SATURDAY NIGHT, Toronto.

SOME OLD BOOKS.

Recently a rivalry has arisen among the citizens of Berlin and Galt as to which town contains the oldest book. The controversy has had the effect of unearthing several ancient volumes. The oldest book discovered was found in the possession of Rev. J. Ridley, rector of Trinity church, Berlin. It was printed, as the title page quaintly says, at Naples, "in the present year of our Lord, 1592." The book is in a remarkable state of preservation and is easily readable. . . . Mr. Auster Snider of Berlin is showing a theological work of 500 pages, printed and bound in ye old style, and on the title page the announcement: "London. Printed by G.M. for R. R. P. Stevens and C. Meredith, A. D. 1026." . . . At the sign of the "starre" on Broad street hill, London, in the year 1029, "The Garden," a book from the pen of John Parkinson, was issued by Humphrey Lownes and Robert Young, printers. In the library of the late I. D. Bowman of Berlin a leather-bound copy of this book was found. The book contains 600 pages and is dedicated to "The Queen's most Excellent Majestie." . . . Mr. Robert Elliott of Galt has several old books, which were once the property of Mrs. Elliott's father, Mr. James McQueen, of Kirkwall. The Gentle Sinner, by Clem. Ellis, M.A., printed in 1679; The Seasons, by Thomson, published in 1775, and an early version of the Psalms are the three most valuable. An original edition of Thomson's Seasons would be regarded by some as quite a prize. . . . Dr. Wardlaw of Galt has some old medical books of the last century, which he finds more amusing than useful. Book-lovers everywhere are deeply interested in hearing about old books, and we shall be glad to hear further from those who possess old volumes.

CHURCHES IN SOLID ROCK.

Abyssinia is the only native Christian state in Africa, and the recent war with Italy has aroused deep interest in that country. Nothing in Abyssinia is so interesting as its churches hewn from the solid rock. There are nearly two hundred of them still used as places of worship. Most of these are modern, but they are designed after those in the city of Lalibela, capital of the province of Lasta, which were, it is believed, built in the twelfth cen-



Monolithic Church of Hammanul.

ture. Great square pits open to the sky were sunk in the rock, with a great block of solid rock in the center. This block was then hewn into a church, its exterior decorated with fine pick-work, and its interior excavated by laborious process. The roofs of these churches are level with the street surface of the cities where they are. The picture shows the exterior of the church of Hammanul, the finest of the lot in the opinion of many.

MADMAN LECTURED ON INSANITY.

"Krafft-Ebing of the University of Vienna," according to *The Medical Times*, New York, "enlivened his instruction lately by allowing a madman, one of his patients, to lecture on mental diseases in his stead. The man is afflicted by periodic attacks of mania, during which he is much more clever and witty than when sane. His lecture on The Mental Condition of the Manic in Periodical Attacks of Madness was a brilliant success. After it was over he was shut up again."

A CHINESE OATH.

In Ingersoll the other day the Chinese oath was administered to a Chinaman named King Lee. Lee knelt down before the box and a Chinese saucer was placed in his hand, and he was told to crack the saucer, repeating these words: "I shall tell the truth, and the whole truth; the saucer is cracked, and if I do not tell the truth my soul will be cracked by the saucer." Lee smiled and went on with his evidence. The oath had a visible effect on him. In Chicago the oath is administered by the Chinaman cutting the throat of a chicken.

SOME OLD MEMOS.

Dr. Brunskill of Mount Forest, Ont., has in his possession the memorandum book of his great-grandfather, who lived in Newcastle, 1767. The entries, although written 130 years ago, are clearly legible. Printed in the back of the book is a tariff showing that the people in Newcastle were taxed according to the number of windows they had in their houses. The darker a man's house was the less he had to pay. Tax day would have been a sorry day for the owner of a large conservatory or the market-gardener who was possessed of a hot-house.

HE SLEEPS ALL WINTER.

A case of human hibernation which has annually baffled the physicians of Nova Scotia was ended by the death of John Teller at the age of 70 years, at Moschell, Annapolis county, N.S. For twenty years Teller has slept the whole winter through. About the end of August the old man would go to bed as usual, but the following morning he would not get up, but would continue to sleep as calmly and as peacefully all through the winter, and some-

times until May or June, without a break, as if he were sleeping after a hard day's labor. About eleven o'clock every evening he would arouse somewhat from his lethargy and show some little vitality. The family took advantage of this half-conscious condition to pour gruel, beef-tea or soup down his throat. One young doctor, while examining the case, attached a galvanic battery to the patient's body and brought him out of bed with a jump, wide awake and conscious. The same evening Teller retired and again lapsed into lethargy. The next day the current was again applied, but it had no effect. The man was always somewhat light-headed. This case of somnolence completely places in the shade that of Robert Wright of Wexford, as related in this column last week.

A QUEER COIN.

Fully half of the grown-up people of France believe the old story that Napoleon Bonaparte put a check for 100,000 francs in a silver five franc piece and that the coin is yet in circulation. They say that the people did not want the five franc piece, and that in order to create a demand for it Napoleon resorted to the device mentioned. The check or treasury order, it is said, was written upon asbestos paper and inclosed in the metal at the time the coin was made. Thousands of five franc pieces were annually broken open for a long period by those in quest of the check.

HE FEELS THE COLD.

"At Kokomo, Ind., the amputated leg of a drayman, who had chilblains and corns, is to be disinterred under his doctor's orders and buried below the frost line in order to relieve the man's present sufferings from the old complaint."—Telegraphic despatch. This recalls the case of Alex. Benner, who several years ago lost his arm by getting it entangled in a belt in the woolen factory at West Montrose, a village near Berlin, Ont. The second or third day after the amputation—the limb having been meantime interred—he complained of cold in the missing member, and on its being resurrected and warmed, the sensation of cold simultaneously disappeared. To this day, the sensations of heat and cold are experienced by him to the very end of the imaginary fingers.

Miss Zelma Rawlston.

A Charming Soubrette Who Attracts Large Audiences.

She Tells Something of the Hard Work Necessary to Make a Successful Artist—Many Break Down Under the Strain—An Interesting Chat With a Telegraph Reporter.

From the Quebec Telegraph.

Those who have attended the performances at the Academy of Music this week, will readily concede that Miss Zelma Rawlston is one of the brightest soubrettes on the stage. She is a clever musician and a charming singer, and as an impersonator shows a talent considerably above the average. She has winning ways, a mischievous twinkle in her eye, and a captivating manner. Her magnetism for drawing large audiences is not alone confined to the stage, as she is possessed of a character which is pleasing to come in contact with. It is full of good nature, amiable qualities, and a charm that endears her to all those who have been so fortunate as to have made her acquaintance. A *Telegraph* representative had the pleasure of an interview with Miss Rawlston which resulted in a biographical sketch of her life being published in these columns on Saturday. During the course of the interview, Miss Rawlston let out a secret, which she consented to allow the *Telegraph* to make public. For many years she has devoted the best part of her time to study, sometimes practising at the piano alone for 10 hours a day. It is not therefore astonishing, that under a strain of this kind, she began to feel the effects upon her nervous constitution. She is of a robust build, and apparently strong physique, and stood the strain without interrupting her studies, until she had perfected that which she desired to accomplish. Like many other artists who have gone before, she completed her work, graduated with the highest honors, and prepared to enter upon her stage career. The reaction of over study, and long hours, soon began to tell upon her, and although it did not interfere with her climbing the ladder of fame as an actress, she very soon became cognizant of the fact that she was suffering from a strain on the nerves which threatened sooner or later to result seriously to her health. Her sufferings did not interfere with her engagements, but prevented her from participating in pleasure of any kind. The nervousness increased to such an extent that she became a victim to insomnia, and slowly her digestive powers gave out, and she was fast becoming a chronic sufferer from nervous debility. After trying many remedies and prescriptions, she one day read an advertisement in one of the daily papers referring to the complete recovery of a similar case as her own, with the aid of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She had tried so many patent remedies that she almost despaired of trying any more. Something seemed to influence her to test this preparation, and she ventured to purchase one box of the pills. Before she had used half of them, she began to feel an immediate improvement in her condition, and by the time she had used two or three boxes, she was a different woman entirely, and to-day there are few actresses who display a better example of perfect health than our representative found Miss Rawlston in when he called upon her last week. The subject was suggested by our reporter seeing a box of the Pink Pills in Miss Rawlston's possession. "I always carry them with me," she said, "and would not be a day without them; although I do not take them regularly, I find them a very beneficial stimulus for one in our profession. If the assertion of the benefit which these pills have worked upon me will do the public any good, I am perfectly willing that my name should be mentioned, and that the facts should be given to the public."

Miss Rawlston's permanent address is in care of her manager, Mr. Tom McGuire, Room 5, Standard Theater Building, New York City.

An old fellow in New York, who had recently buried his fourth wife, was accosted by an acquaintance who, unaware of his bereavement, asked, "How is your wife, cap'n?" "Well," replied the captain, with a solemn nod to say sad, contentment, "to tell the truth, I'm kinder out of wives just now!"

An Up-to-Date Fable.

N. Y. Truth.

A crow that had been arrested applied to a wise old owl, that had been admitted to the bar, to defend him. "I am innocent of the charge," said the crow.

"That being the case," said the owl, "I shall have to charge you double my usual fee. I run great risk in taking your case, since you are innocent. If you should be convicted, my reputation would be seriously damaged."

The crow proved an alibi and was discharged, only to be indicted at the next term of the grand jury on another charge. "This time I am guilty," said the crow, when he again applied to the owl for legal advice. "Guilty, eh?" said the owl. "Then I shall have to charge you twice the usual fee. It will be hard work to secure a favorable verdict, and besides, your reputation is against you."

Moral: It would have been cheaper for the crow to have bribed the grand jury.

He Was a Sturdy Oak.

It was on a train going through Indiana. Among the passengers were a newly married couple, who made themselves known to such an extent that the occupants of the car commenced passing sarcastic remarks about them. The bride and groom stood the remarks for some time, but finally the latter, who was a man of tremendous size, broke out in the following language at his tormentors: "Yes, we're married—just married. We are going one hundred and sixty miles further on this train, and I am going to 'spoon' all the way. If you don't like it, you can get out and walk. She's my violet and I'm her sheltering oak." During the remainder of the journey they were left in peace.

Commercial Education.

The British American Business and Short-hand College, Confederation Life Building, Toronto, is probably the best known institution of its kind in Canada. It is owned by a number of the leading business men of this city, among whom are Stapleton Caldecott and Frederick Wyld, wholesale dry goods merchants; S. F. McKinnon, wholesale milliner; E. R. C. Clarkson, chartered accountant; Edward Trout, president of the Monetary Times Co.; Wm. McCabe, manager of the North American Life Assurance Co.; and D. E. Thomson, Q. C. The various courses are thus guaranteed to be the most practical that can be devised for the purpose of properly training young people for business offices. Every department is in charge of expert instructors, and the very best facilities are afforded for acquiring a shorthand or commercial education in the shortest possible time.

That the distinctive merits of this institution are thoroughly appreciated is shown by the fact that over one hundred and thirty of last year's graduates obtained immediate employment as stenographers, bookkeepers and office assistants with the leading firms of Toronto. The college re-opened Monday, January 14th, 1897.

The Tea Table.

When using Ceylon Tea, care should be taken to put in the pot only about one-half of what is used in the case of China and Japan teas. The recipe for making tea, as given by the "Salada" Ceylon Tea people is as follows: "Warm the tea pot. Put in a heaping teaspoonful of 'Salada' Tea for every two cups. Pour on freshly boiled water and allow to infuse from eight to ten minutes. Pour the liquor off the leaves into another tea-pot and serve." When made in this way, if kept warm, "Salada" will retain its delicious flavor for hours. The great point in tea-making is to be sure that the water is really boiling before pouring on the tea, and not allowed to boil again during infusion.

A Winter Home in Toronto.

Families contemplating closing their houses for the winter months will find in the new Grand Union, corner Simcoe and Front (the most modern hotel in the city, steam heated, baths, electric light, gas, elevator, etc.), a perfect home. Mr. Charles A. Campbell will be pleased to give special rates.

The Victor.

In placing on his counter the cigar designated the Victor, G. W. Muller of the Palace Emporium, 9 King street west, has demonstrated beyond doubt that a really good cigar can be offered to the public at the popular price of 5 cents. Reading and conversation room, free magazines and all the daily and weekly papers on file.

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Sometimes unsightly blotches, pimples or sallow opaque skin, destroys the attractiveness of handsome features. In all such cases Scott's Emulsion will build up the system and impart freshness and beauty.

Good News from South Dakota.

The glorious results of this season's harvest of golden grain will pour a stream of sound money into the pockets of every Dakota farmer. The stock-raising industry in South Dakota is profitable, and Eastern capital is now being invested in cattle and sheep growing in that state.

Those desiring full information on the subject, particularly those who wish to seek a new home or purchase land, are requested to correspond with A. J. Taylor, Canadian passenger agent, 2 King street East, Toronto.

The First of these Monthly Competitions will commence January 1st, 1897, and will be continued each month during 1897.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND S. SHEPPARD - Editor

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The important event of the week, and in some ways the most interesting of the whole theatrical season, is the appearance at the Grand on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of Mr. Walker Whiteside in classic dramas. The bill for his visit is as follows: Thursday night, *The Merchant of Venice*; Friday night, *Hamlet*; Saturday matinee, *Eugene Aram*, and Saturday night, *Othello*. While some smile superior when they read the unstinted praise lavished upon Mr. Whiteside, yet the bulk of competent opinion declares this young man to be the most promising actor on the American stage—the Booth of the next decade. As I never saw Booth act I am not going to join in talking humbug, but will merely say that I find Whiteside a very satisfactory exponent of classic drama and a distinct improvement upon those others who come here in the same line of plays. He seems to penetrate to the root of things for himself and to interpret a drama as he understands it. He is something more than a recitationist. It is very hard to be a genius on the stage, and, being one, it takes a lifetime to prove it. The genius who writes a book thereby puts up his proof at once and it commands immediate recognition, but the actor who is a genius has nothing tangible to force under the world's eye; he has nothing wholly his own to offer. He presents the *Hamlet* of Shakespeare, and in doing so follows in the footsteps of those who, being dead, are credited with genius, but who, if alive now and coming before us wearing no halo of fame, would be roasted unmercifully. The imagination invests the famous actors of the past with something like divinity, while new-comers are considered impertinent and there is a disposition to make merry at their expense. The thing is well illustrated in the anecdote in another column of this issue, of an author visiting his native village, when on being pointed out to a native the latter says he can't be much of an author. "It's unreasonable." "Why?" he was asked. "Why, he used to go fishing with me."

On Monday night the ladies at the Grand Opera House showed excellent taste, for there was scarcely a hat worn on the entire lower floor. Here and there a hat was conspicuous, and its wearer just a little bit uncomfortable. Once the custom becomes established, ladies will just as readily be hatless as not, and the only reason that the reform has been so difficult of accomplishment is that the idea was abroad that hats should be worn unless upon swagger occasions—that this was a decree of fashion and inviolable. The idea was very absurd and provincial, and English people found it very hard to understand—as if evening were not evening as a general thing, and suitable dress should only be worn in exceptional cases. But aside from the question of dressing for an evening at the theater, the lady who removes her head-gear is always an exponent of good taste. The excellent example of Monday evening should be followed, and soon the densest of females will follow their prettier sisters who, in this matter, are taking the lead and deserve the hearty bravo of thankful men.

When Frank Daniels used to play in Little Puck he was very funny and had one of the most amusing shows on the road. He is the same funny little fellow in *The Wizard of the Nile*, and the fun which he makes as the Wizard Kibosh is distinctly reminiscent of his work in Little Puck. When Kibosh toys with Ptolemy's top-knot; when he stops suddenly in addressing him and says in an aside, "Th—that's the homeliest king I ever saw," when he twines his leg around the king and tries to throw him down—we are carried back to the irresistible fun of Little Puck. There is a great deal of good music and good comedy in *The Wizard of the Nile*. The chorus singing was fine on Monday night; in fact, the singing altogether was much better than in *Wang* or in *The Mandarin*.

Frank Daniels is funnier than George Boniface, Jr., but he is a little bit vulgar in his by-play. Boniface shows a good taste that is somewhat rare in his class of work, while Daniels goes a little further for his fun than even the average low comedian of comic opera.

The girls in *The Mandarin* were the brightest lot seen here for a long time, and those in *Wang* and *The Wizard of the Nile* were rather shop-worn. For myself I do not see now, and never could see, the artistic necessity for a chorus of girls in tights in comic opera. To speak quite frankly, such a chorus is often not a bit more artistic than the window of a butcher shop. The excellent company presenting *An Artist's Model* almost entirely broke away from the practice, and anything more delightful than a chorus of charming young girls dressed

as charming young girls should be dressed, cannot be imagined. The public should be weary of tights, and a novelty in the shape of a comic opera without a pair of tights in it should make a great hit.

Little Lord Fauntleroy, running this week at the Toronto Opera House, is one of those plays which will bear seeing a second time. Moreover, it is a production which the most fastidious of the amusement-seeking community cannot fail to appreciate, because, when we except a little American slangism, which under the circumstances is even permissible, the story is bereft entirely of anything objectionable, and this, nowadays, is saying a great deal. But apart from presenting us with a perfectly clean play, the author of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* has written an interesting story in which the pathetic element is strongly developed and yet not overdone; in which an excess of humorous nonsense is not permitted to detract from the interest of the piece; and in which, also, some characters have been created, and incidents depicted, true to everyday life. Fortunately, here in Canada we have but scant acquaintance with the class of men whom the Earl of Dorincourt, one of the principal characters in the cast, is made to represent, but in England, even today, the old school of aristocracy include among its number men who constitute the exact counterpart of the Earl of Dorincourt, which Mr. J. H. Gilmore so ably impersonates in the play under notice. If for no other reason, the Toronto Opera House this week is worthy a visit to witness this clever actor's performance. But there are other characters as well, whose able rendition of the parts allotted to them commends *Little Lord Fauntleroy* to the play-going public. They cannot fail to fall in love with the pretty little fellow to whom the title role has been given (Master John McKeever), or be pleased with the way in which Miss Ellen Robertson acquits herself in the character of the boy's mother, Mrs. Errol. The concluding performance will be given on Saturday night, and those who have witnessed the play during the week will have carried away from the Toronto more than one lesson from which an excellent moral may be drawn.

James A. Herne begins a week's engagement at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening next, where he will again appear as Nathaniel Berry in his famous realistic comedy-drama, *Shore Acres*. In this play one may find realism in its truest sense joined with subtle poetic suggestion. While the eye can see every material detail reproduced with a fidelity almost new to stage art, the mind finds countless touches of pathos or inner motive suggested, in the benign smile lighting up or fading from the face of Uncle Nat., in the handling of the old gun, in the solitary reverie, with its quaint by-play, while in the last act the imagination can picture an unwritten story, the early life struggles of a noble heart. To those familiar with the scenes in *Shore Acres*, its success is not marvelous, and one is almost tempted to say that anyone who cannot grasp its truth and beauty is without intelligence. The story of the play is so simple that even children can understand it, and yet it is at times told by repression rather than expression. *Shore Acres* made a deep impression in Toronto last year.

Mr. Forbes Robertson performed a benefaction to the public at the meeting of the Playgoers' Club, at the St. James's Restaurant, London, in adding his voice in protest against the bad behavior which so mars the enjoyment of the sensible and unselfish section of playgoers. He dealt not only with one, but with several abuses. He asked late-comers to exercise a little patience and not to disturb a quiet scene by pushing to their seats; he implored ladies to refrain from attending the theaters in hats of abnormal size; and he sought members of the audience not to carry on a running conversation during the performance of a play.

Comedian Gus Williams, after an absence of over five years, will make his reappearance next week at the Toronto Opera House in his original character of John Mishler in *One of the Finest*. The piece is a comedy-drama filled with fun and excitement, and is being presented this season with new scenery and realistic stage effects. During the engagement, "bargain matinees" at 15 cents for the entire balcony and 25 cents for any seat on the ground floor will be given on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

To wear an obstructive hat in a Chicago theatre will hereafter be punishable by a fine of ten dollars.

The original and famous Yvette Guilbert, supported by an operatic organization of superior merit, the leading members of which are Emy Hartley, soprano; Louise Engel, contralto; Thomas McQueen, tenor, and H. Winfred Goff, baritone, will appear here on Tuesday night, January 19, at the Grand Opera House, for one performance only. Guilbert without a doubt is unique. She is incomparable, and her work is charged with tears, smiles and penetrating sweetness. Her range of character exposition seems practically inexhaustible. Her voice has the same acid sweetness, the voice of the oboe—it is gold, silver and dull lead without a gleam. She uses it as does a great singer, and it can be as eloquent as Calvé's, as liquid as Melba's. Her diction is as shifting in hue as a kaleidoscope. Her repertoire here will be all of her French songs and her famous song in English, *I Want Yer, Ma Honey*, also *My Pearl* is a Bowery Girl. The company supporting Guilbert has been selected with great care, and each one of them is an artist.

Perfectly Killing.

Detroit Journal.

A narrow waist, a neck cut low,
A heavy, dragging train wears she.
Dressed to kill? Well, I don't know,
Dressed to kill herself, maybe.

"I am deeply interested in discovering the lost tribes of Israel," said Mr. Musty, as he came in and sat down by the busy editor for an hour's discussion of the subject. "So," replied the man of resources, "why don't you advertise for them? The business office is on the first floor. Here, Dick, show the gentleman to the advertising department."—Puck.

SPORTING COMMENT

In regard to my item in last issue about the introduction of English pheasants into British Columbia, I have received the following interesting note:

Sir:—I see in last week's issue a note on the English pheasant. The bird that has been introduced into the Western States and British Columbia is not *phasianus colchicus* but *phasianus torquatus*, the ringed or Mongolian pheasant from China. Of course the difference between the two in plumage is not great, but in this country the hen English pheasant will rarely sit on her eggs, while the Mongolian species is a much better sitter and appears to be well able to hold its own in the West. There is little doubt that the Mongolian pheasant would do well in Ontario, where the other better known species has failed.

Yours, etc., J. H. FLEMING.

Toronto, Jan. 4.

The important point made by Mr. Fleming is that the hen of the so-called English pheasant will not, as a rule, hatch eggs in this country, while the Mongolian hen will. We are accustomed to speak of the English pheasant and the Mongolian, yet the fact is that all pheasants are Asiatics, the *colchicus* equally with the *torquatus*, the only difference being that the former was much earlier transplanted into Europe. In the European game preserves there are half a dozen kinds of birds of the pheasant family, including the two mentioned, and all have been imported, in the first place, from China or Japan, I believe. In Oregon and other parts of the United States the different "breeds" have been introduced, and if it has been discovered that the ringed pheasant is the best for our climate, the point is an important one. I should like to get some information as to the extent of the efforts that have been made to cultivate pheasants in Ontario, and hope that Mr. Fleming or some other fancier will oblige me in this.

The Tandem Sleighing Club was formed by a number of enthusiastic whips in New York on New Year's Day. George B. Hulme was elected president; John F. Baudoin, vice-president; Edward Koch, secretary; H. H. Williams, treasurer, and Aurel Botony, assistant-secretary. There is not a man-jack of them but would sooner drive tandem than eat his breakfast. The following constitution and by-laws were adopted:

CONSTITUTION.—The club shall parade every time there is enough snow on the ground.

By-Laws.—Every absentee from a parade shall be punished by a fine of ten bottles of champagne.

Our hockey correspondent at Quebec writes as follows: The hockey season opened in Quebec on Saturday night with an exhibition match between the Shamrocks of Montreal and the home team, which resulted in a victory for the former, the score at finish being 5 games to 4 in their favor. As an exhibition of hockey it was very tame, and anything resembling combination was scarcely attempted on either side. The game started late, as usual, and the aggravating delays peculiar to hockey were in abundance—some seven men going off for repairs at different times, though the match was almost entirely free from rough play. Referee Scott of Quebec proved a little officious for a friendly match, and seemed, besides, rather down on the Shamrocks, one of which team he ruled off on two occasions for trifling and apparently unintentional offences. It is remarkable that two of the Shamrocks' games were scored while one of their players was grazing the side of the rink. During the last ten minutes' play the spectators, of which there were some twelve hundred present, were rewarded for their long wait by seeing some really fast hockey, though chiefly of the individual type and carried on for the most part in Quebec territory. The score at this time stood four all, and the Shamrocks scored the last and deciding game barely one minute before time was called. For Quebec, Swift and Doyle played the best game, and Stocking in goal made some grand stops, but seemed to lack the decision and snap shown in former years, doubtless owing to want of practice. C. Scott, a Quebec forward, injured his arm in the early part of the game and had to retire. He was replaced by Home, who, though formerly an excellent man, proved quite useless, having apparently forgotten both how to skate and to handle a stick. Quebec might, in fact, be said to have played one man short through most of the match. For the Shamrocks, O'Brien, in goal, and R. Wall, forward, were conspicuous for their play, and all individually played a fair game. Both teams, however, will have to improve greatly if they hope to have even a fighting chance for the championship. Following are the teams:

Quebec.	Shamrocks.
Stocking.....Goal.....	O'Brien.
Cahill.....Point.....	Belcourt.
Watson.....Cover Point.....	Stephens.
A. D. Scott.....Forward.....	R. Wall.
Swift.....".....	Brown.
Doyle.....".....	Dobley.
C. Scott.....".....	N. Wall.
R. L. Billingsly.....Umpires.....	B. Murphy.
Referee, A. E. Scott.	

The world's championship skating races in Montreal next month will be interesting. Harley Davidson has already gone to that city to train, while John Davidson is training over in the States. It is likely that J. K. McCulloch of Winnipeg will carry all before him if he is in condition, and I must say that his success would be popular because he is a Canadian, while the Davidsons belong to St. Paul and are in Canada for business. Joe Donahue and other fast men will be on hand, but McCulloch showed greater speed last year than any of them, and will probably run away from the others. In the amateur events a lot of new men from towns in Ontario, Quebec and Nova Scotia will come together, and some fast men may be "discovered." In Ontario, racing on skates is pretty well neglected, although it is fine sport and the local rinks could work up big interest by holding amateur contests.

The greatest bonspiel ever held in Toronto—weather permitting—will be held next week, when the international curling tournament is played off in the Granite and Victoria rinks. The American visitors will be entertained in royal style, and it has been so arranged that, aside from the regular fixtures, the various local clubs may carry off visiting teams to play games in the various Toronto rinks. About one hundred people are coming from New York, and altogether this will be one of the most

important international sporting events in a long time.

Arthur Campbell, the ex-U.C.C. and Varsity Rugby player and ex-captain of the Varsity baseball teams of 1895 and 1896, spent the last ten days in Toronto and returned to Ottawa Thursday evening. The Varsity baseball team will have hard work filling his place next season. He has now settled down to business with Mr. W. C. Edwards, M.P., big lumber firm at New Edinburgh, Ottawa. His many friends in Toronto will regret to hear that he will not be able to return to town to see them again until 1898. Mr. Campbell is not taking any interest in sports at Ottawa, as he is too busy; and he had enough collar bones, etc., broken while at Varsity to last him a while. His baseball record while at Varsity and his good management of the team last spring did much to make the game popular at U. of T. He is a son of Mr. Paul Campbell of Toronto.

Contrary to expectations the Montreal Victorias, after a fierce struggle with the Victorias of Winnipeg, defeated that team by a score of 6 goals to 5, and regained possession of the Stanley Challenge Cup. In the first half Winnipeg secured four goals to Montreal's two, and if the former team had not been so eager to pile up a big score and had played on the defensive in the second half, they might have won the game. Montreal forwards, however, proved to be too much for their opponents, and five minutes before time was up the score was five all, then amid great enthusiasm Montreal succeeded in scoring the winning goal. Two of Montreal's goals were scored while Winnipeg had only six men on the ice, one man being ruled off. The Montreal team also played the Winnipeg exhibition game last Saturday and after a hard, fast game won by 3 goals to 2.

On New Year's day the local Victorias went down to Whitchy, where they were defeated by the team of that town. Score 10-5.

The Bank of Toronto team played in Collingwood on New Year's Day and were beaten by the local team, after a fast and exciting game, by 6-3. At half-time the score was 4-0. Nourse, who formerly played with the Bank of Commerce team here, put up a fine game for the victors. The smallness of the rink hampered the Toronto forwards, who could not get their combination to work. This lost them the game.

At the Victoria Rink to-day the Imperial and Commerce teams play the opening game in the Bank League series; the Toronto and Dominion teams meet in the same rink next Tuesday afternoon.

At Morrisburg, on New Year's Day, Cornwall and the local team played a draw game, the score being 3 all. This is the second time these teams have met this season, the score being the same on each occasion. McLellan and Rayside, the old Queen's players, were on Cornwall's team.

The Executive of the O. H. A. held a meeting last Monday night, and after considerable discussion decided to reject the application of the Riverside and Seaford teams for admittance to the Association, as their coming in would greatly interfere with the schedule.

Hockey has taken such a hold in New York this winter that they have formed an Amateur Hockey League, the most prominent members of which are the St. Nicholas and N. Y. A. C. teams. The personnel of the former was given in our columns last week. The N. Y. A. C. team is composed chiefly of Canadians. The final game for the championship will likely be played between these two teams toward the end of March.

Trinity College team went up to Barrie on the 5th and were beaten by the local team, the score being 5-4.

The Toronto Junior Hockey League committee have arranged the schedule at last. There are seven teams entered altogether, viz., Varsity, Wellingtons, T. A. C., Upper Canada College, Old Orchard, Prospect Park and Orient.

It seems stupid on the part of so many hockey clubs to have adopted red and white as club colors. To meet the emergency there has gone forth an order that when two clubs sporting the same colors are to meet, the visiting club must wear something else for the time being. If the clubs cannot show some originality in this regard, the Association should allot colors to the clubs, it not being desirable that the same colors should be worn by any two clubs in the Association, however far apart, and there is no limit to the combinations that are possible.

The Black and Blue Hockey Club of Kingston is a ladies' club, of which Miss Marguerite Carr-Harris is captain, and Miss Etta Kirkpatrick secretary-treasurer. THE UMPIRE.

Impossible.

San Francisco Wave.

Maurice Thompson, the well known writer, recently visited his old home in Georgia, and was standing outside a grocery store when an old countryman perceived him.

"Who is that yonder?" said he to another man who stood by.

"That tall fellow?"

"Yes."

"That's Thompson, Maurice Thompson."

"What, the feller that used ter play around here?"

"The same."

"Yer don't tell me!"

"Fact; he is a great man now, one of the most successful writers."

"Impossible."

"Fact, I tell you."

"Well," said the old man dubiously, "it may be true but it ain't reasonable."

"Not reasonable?"

"No. Why, he used ter go fishin' with me."

"I say, I've had an offer to go and work for a wholesale house. What would you do if you were in my shoes?" After a careful inspection—"I think I would black 'em."

A Skating Song.

For Saturday Night.

Oh, give me the frozen river's stretch,
With its surface smooth and bright,
And bring me, I pray, my wings of steel
To follow my heart's delight.

I skim along, with a happy song,
And laugh aloud in my glee;
There's nothing so rife in all this life
As the skater's swing for me.

I laugh and sing till the woods all ring
On the winding river's shore,
I love at night, in the pale moonlight,
To linger there more and more.

Then my love and I glide silent by
In the shadow of the trees;
With her hand in mine, it is divine;
Who would miss such joys as these?

Then join with me in this merry glee
And away we'll gaily speed,
With our faces bright and spirits light,
No cares we will ever heed.

Davisville, Ont. THOS. H. MOORE.

My Father's Violin.

For Saturday Night.

The day is o'er; upon the world
The sable cloak of Night is pressed,
And Toil, released from labors dull,
Seeks not in vain the welcome rest.

But not on couch or pleasant bed
The hardy sons of Toil recline,
Though long ago the sun has set
Beyond that fringe of stately pine.

The cooling grass 'neath apple trees,
That shed their perfumed blossoms down,
Has formed a resting-place indeed,
That ne'er is found in dusty town.

Far o'er the wood fair Luna shines,
The light creeps softly through the trees,
While all the leafy branches stir,
As gently moves the summer breeze.

But hark! a sound the stillness breaks,
The children bend a listening ear,
As father out the fiddle brings
And draws the little circle near.

No operatic airs are these,
But homely strains of other days,
And Polly Hopkins mingles with
The Wind that shakes the Barley Braes.

I see the gray-haired father now,
With moving foot and flourished arm;
The children gathered close around,
The cattle grazing from the farm.

Old rustic airs; and yet methinks
I've known some higher music fail
To please me as did Tatter Jack,
Or yet The Rose of Allendale.

B. KELLY.

Beauty.

For Saturday Night.

Thy spirit claims love's universal shrine,
Where censer swings, nor prayers arise in vain,
Aspiring mortals, in thy bright domain,
Discern the secrets of thy power divine.

The goddess sunbeams their bright flames
The winds outpour their ecstasy and pain,
Thy dreams the giant rocks release again,
Delight, devotion, grace and truth are thine.
Nor form, nor color, nor the choiring air,
Nor dreamy musings, voiced in golden tone,
Attune my soul thy sacred joys to feel,
Deaf, dumb and blind, love mocks at my despair,
Nor yields the power he ministers alone,
To soothe my anguish and thy charms reveal.

R. A. WIDDOWSON.

The Wind.

For Saturday Night.

Hark! how the wind drives through the night,
Accompanied by the rain;
He roars, he raves, he sweeps with might
Across the sodden plain.

The grasses bend before his face
And hear him tell their doom;
He shakes the flowers with surly grace,
They tremble in the gloom.

Then savagely he bounds away
Toward the forest lone,
The black old boughs begin to sway
With many a creak and groan.

Death and destruction do his heels,
With winter sad and drear;
Ten thousand leaves each way he wheels
Go whirling brown and sear.

Blow on, thou melancholy wind,
For summer joys are fled;
In thy loud voice relief I find
For grief long nourished.

W. T. ALLESON.

The Dowager.

Harper's Bazar.

Girls about her in a flock,
Like roses round a hollyhock;
Laughter, motion, gliding grace,
Youth's fresh lustre in a face,
All the things that sweetest were—
Yonder sits the dowager.

Bravely still she smiles; indeed,
Placid in her cap and weed,
Plies the lorgnette left and right
With a hand still lily-white.
Ah! but the pinch'd heart of her—
Poor old wistful dowager!

Once for her the starry lights
And the waltzes' birdlike flights;
Once a bosom all athrob,
Sigh of rapture like a sob;
Wafts of violet and myrrh—
Poor old dreaming dowager!

Snow-whirl of white drapery,
Laces like the wind-whirl sea,
Feet that mocked the swallow's wing,
Ever lightly vanishing;
Heart and soul with joy astride—
Such was once the dowager.

Now she faintly remembers all
While the waltzes rise and fall,
And the subtle, soft perfume
Hovers ghostlike in the room.
Perished hopes and fancies stir—
Poor old wrinkled dowager!

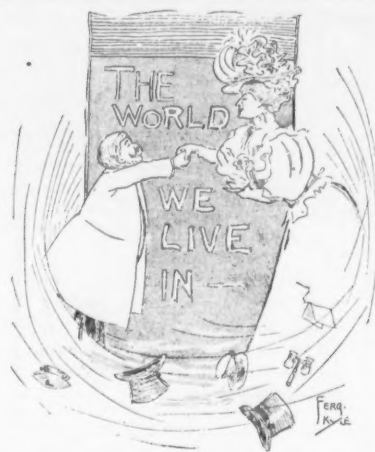
Better would she be, I trow,
Where the quiet hearth-coals glow,
And the soot's lofty page
Rears a temple fit for age.
Nay!—her moon-dead youth for her!
Frivolous old dowager!

JAMES BUCKHAM.

Odorous.

Detroit Journal.

The ancient journalist must have
A gifted nose for news, I trow,
But any nose could smell the news
That much of the press is printing now.



MRS. M'GRUBBINS' AT HOME. FOUR TO SEVEN. SCENE. Hall of the McGrubbins' mansion. Two or three hundred gasping individuals fighting their way to the tea-room.

First Fat Lady, in velvet and sable (panting for breath)—Well, Amelia, how do you like your first crush? Vindictive Bud (prodding unconscious spinster in the ribs)—Really, mamma, I wish you wouldn't be so ridiculous. Not being in the 'Varsity team, I can't say I've had much practice at this sort of thing. For goodness' sake don't keep grunting, mamma!

F. F. L. in V. (good-naturedly)—Don't take me up like that, Amelia; it's the 'eat'!

V. B.—The WHAT? I wish— (Isolated man suddenly appears on the horizon. Crowd immediately sways in that direction. Man, evidently terrified, disappears. Crowd resume original position and proceed to stow music to tea-room.)

Frivolous Lady in Worth Gown—And as I was saying, I just greeted Harry with a Nansen smile and said, "I suppose we'll meet at the McGrubbins' china smash this afternoon?" And he said, "No, indeed, you don't catch me there. Old Grubby McGrubbins— (suddenly perceiving host) is a dear fellow, but— (Host smiles sarcastically, and exits).

Sympathizing Friend—Now you've done it. He heard you, every word. (Passing waiter with head turned in opposite direction, pours plate of limp ice-cream on shoulder of S. F.)

Frivolous Lady (gleefully)—Now YOU'VE done it. I shouldn't think that would come out. (Waiter, livid, retires with plate.) Enter Interesting Youth who has arranged for funeral expenses.

I. Y. (to Statuesque Beauty)—Chedoo, Mrs. Dizzle. Nice weather we're havin'. Can I get you anything?

S. B. (laconically)—A chair. I. Y.—Oh, really! I meant anything in reason, you know. A chair wouldn't have a leg to stand on here. Ha—ha! Goin' to the Brigadiers?

S. B.—Yes. I. Y.—You'll give me a dance, Mrs. Dizzle? Anything after the seventeenth.

S. B.—I always leave after supper.

I. Y. (broken-hearted)—Then we can't manage it. But you'll give me a dance at the Snuffins', two months from now? (Catches sight of pretty girl.)—So we'll arrange that—er—er—good-bye. (Plunges into compact mass of sleeves, treuds on old lady and is pursued with blessings.)

(Unfortunate Spinster, who has been endeavoring for the last ten minutes to get her hand to her mouth, drops teeth.)

U. S.—A mug a mumm mug!

Hysterical Maiden—Good gracious, what is the matter? (Clings to chaperone.)

U. S. (gesticulating wildly)—Gum a mug min mim min! (Hysterical Maiden screams, waiter restores teeth on salver, spinster retires sobbing.)

First Commercial Gent.—What's the matter here?

Second Commercial Gent.—Fall in ivory, jaw—haw!

Roman Matron (to niece from the country)—So I said to your mother, "Let Florida come to me this winter, where she will meet some really nice intellectual people." You are very sweet, Florida, but you want a little social refining. Here comes Charlie Wobbles, I'll introduce him. Charlie, my niece, Miss Ingenue; Florida, Mr. Wobbles. (Exit R. M.)

Mr. W.—Aw—(a pause)—Aw!



"Aw—don't you know—ee—aw!"

Miss L.—Aw—(also pauses)—Aw! Mr. W.—Aw—don't you know—ee—aw! Miss L.—Precisely—hee—haw!

(Collapse of Wobbles, who drifts towards cloak-room, where confusion reigns.)

First Irate Old Gentleman (clutching umbrella)—Mine, I think, sir!

Second ditto ditto—Pardon me, mine!

First ditto ditto (endeavoring to wrest it from him)—Confound it, sir, it's mine. Look at the initials on—

Second ditto ditto—Yes—handle. What the—

Perspiring Attendant (sneoping and snatching)—Excuse me, sir, Mr. Wobbles' umbrella.

(Exit O. G., swearing.)

Languid Swell—Here, waiter, light top coat, velvet collar.

Attendant (exhibiting portion of damaged goods, evidently from fire sale)—Here's the collar, sir, very sorry, sir, don't see the coat, sir. Peppery Individual (to attendant)—Here you, get off my feet. Where are my rubbers? Attendant (regretfully)—I did see them rubbers before the wash-out, but now I come to think of it they were taken by a party as had lost his hat. I couldn't prevent him, sir, he was quite dangerous—

Fresh influx sweeps Attendant into scamp of overcoats. Victims gradually disperse. Surgeon awaits fractures at door. Lights expire.

Footman (solus, closing door on survivor)—'Ope you've 'ad a'appy evening. Call again when they lets you hout of the 'orspital! MAB.

Early Days of Gilbert Parker.

GILBERT PARKER, the novelist, came very near missing his calling. Several years ago, when he was a country schoolteacher, he went to the town of Trenton and applied to a local druggist for a situation. The druggist sized him up and advised him to stick to schoolteaching.

"You think, then, that I'm no good," said young Parker dejectedly.

"Well, I didn't say that," replied the druggist, "but I don't think you'd do for the drug business. You'd better stick to schoolteaching."

When Gilbert Parker came to Toronto on a recent visit he met the Trenton druggist of former days, Mr. W. T. Barker of Ossington avenue, this city, and they recalled old times.

"You spoiled a good druggist that time, Mr. Barker," said the novelist, "but I am very glad you did."

It is not generally known that Gilbert Parker, later on, took holy orders and for about four years officiated as deacon in the Anglican church at Trenton. He was a fine elocutionist, and when, after going to Australia, he resigned his orders, those who knew him felt that the church had lost a most promising curate. It will thus be seen that Gilbert Parker offered himself to the business of drugs, that he became Rev. Gilbert Parker, that he taught school, that he lectured in Trinity College, that he went to Australia to sell books, but came back a writer of books. His case seems to show that the man who is fitted for a career will blunder into the right line whether or no.

A Herring Across the Trail.

ON a summer's day, twenty-five years ago, a tall, mysterious-looking man climbed off the stage in a village about thirty miles from Toronto and entered the little hotel. That he was an important man and engaged in important business were facts that he made no effort to conceal, probably feeling that it would be futile. And indeed, although he did not know it, his arrival on the stage had been foretold by one who came on horseback half an hour before and gave out to certain parties that the tall and pompous stranger was, in the opinion of Dan, the stage-driver, an officer of the law, possibly Mollins, the detective from Toronto.

"Tell Harrigan to get out of the way," the man on horseback had said, "and Dan'll keep the stage as late as he can."

But Harrigan could not be found at first, and when at last he was discovered asleep in a box-stall of the hotel stables, it was too late to escape, for the stage was already, with loud toots of a tin horn and great show of haste, bowling along the village street.

And so as Mollins, the police officer, entered the hotel, Old Jake, the hostler, and Bob Harrigan, who was "wanted" for having held up a couple of travelers on the Queen's highway, eyed him critically through a crack in the stable-door.

"A bit stiff in the joints," ventured Old Jake. "The Government's thyrin' to insult me," said Harrigan, "and to insult the whole settlement by sending such a man after me."

"They're mighty particular about their laws, gettin' to be," complained the other. "Sure ye were drunk when ye did the job, an' they might let by-gones be by-gones an' no har-rum done."

Just then a man entered the rear door of the stable, and the three of them held a hurried consultation. Old Jake threw a saddle on a clean-limbed bay mare, and also bridled an old gray horse, which the new-comer mounted and rode out of the rear door into a lane. The other two then resumed their places at the crack in the door, and presently down the village street, as if returning from a long journey, came the man on the gray horse.

Riding up to the hotel, he jumped off and tied the animal to a post, and was about to enter when the landlord, apparently only now perceiving him, ran forward crying:

"Go it, Bob! Ride for your life. There's a man here—"

"No you don't," cried Mollins, rushing forward as "Bob" tried to unfasten his horse.

"I want you."

"You haven't got me yet," yelled the other, tearing himself loose and footing it down the road. After him went the officer with a speed that was marvelous in one so stoutly built.

Down the road they raced, and as they crested the nearest hill, Bob Harrigan on the bay mare flew out of the stable door, and with a gay wave of the hand galloped up the road towards Toronto.

The sprinters had only gone about a quarter of a mile when the fugitive led the officer over a fence and through cultivated fields, where the going was very heavy. It might have been supposed that the officer, handicapped by a weight of years and flesh, would tire here, but soon the fugitive from justice began to go heavily and stumbled as he ran. Mollins, who had been losing ground, now made a spurt, and at the foot of a steep hill, when he threatened to fire if the other did not stop, his man surrendered.

After gaining their wind, the men exchanged such remarks as seemed suited to the occasion.

"Well, Harrigan, you are run to earth at last," said the officer.

"Harrigan!" cried the other, with a splendid tone of surprise. "You don't mean to say that you thought I was Harrigan!"

"Come off! None of that," said Mollins.

"Come back to town," said the other. "I'm

Bob Bentham—you can find that out easy enough. Why, the landlord said it was me you was after."

"I'll just put these bits of steel on you anyhow," said Mollins, "and if you're not Harrigan I'll—"

He conveyed his meaning by a savage shake of the head as he fastened handcuffs on his man.

At the village Mollins soon found that it was Bob Bentham he had captured, and that Harrigan was miles away on the landlord's mare which he had "stolen."

"What did you run for?" he demanded of Bentham.

"Why, the landlord said you was after me."

"What made you say that?" demanded Mollins of the landlord.

"Why, Bentham was in a big fight last week and I thought sure you wanted him."

"Well, it's a pretty fishy yarn, but we'll let it go at that. Have something on me."

The grinning villagers crowded around the bar and filled their glasses.

"Here," said the landlord, with a most pious face, "here's to—the absent ones."

And in that village Bob Harrigan and Bob Bentham are to-day respected citizens and stern men, who have thumped their sons for bits of mischief, and express alarm at the way the boys go on—"as boys aren't do in my time."

Young Tommy.

HE was very beautiful—in fact, so exquisitely beautiful that Tommy Rogers—Young Tommy Rogers, as he stood in the corner near the piano and watched her—thought he had never seen a more beautiful girl in all his days.

And because he was just twenty—he was no less in earnest, or less sincere in his adoration of her. All winter long she had been as much a central figure as girls get to be central figures in society, and now, at this last dance before Lent, she seemed more than ever the belle whom men sought and women hated.

But though she had admirers all her life, and she was more than twenty—a good five years more—she could not have a more devoted adorer—lover—slave—than Young Tommy. He knew this was so, because no one had ever loved anyone as he loved her—or made such an ass of himself over a woman who did not think twice a day of him, as his more experienced elder brother told him.

And now, true enough, with men three-deep about her, she was holding her court there by the window like the queen she was, and Tommy was not of that court. Why was he not? Well, said the Elder Brother, raising his eyebrows in a bored way, because Tommy too was young.

Thus it was always; his great fault was his youth, and poor Tommy sometimes grew so desperate that he would threaten to blow his brains out. So to-night when the Elder Brother impressed upon him this youth once again, it made Tommy so tired of everything that he thought he would go home.

But he had thought himself stronger than he was, and at the door he turned for a last look over her, and a hot wave of glad surprise went over him. She was alone! In a moment he was at her side, and she was letting the fine light in her fine eyes play through the long lashes straight into his callow soul when she told him how glad she was to have him near her.

"I grow so tired of other men," she said softly, "and so I sent them away a moment ago, for I wanted you."

And poor Young Tommy's heart beat so fast at these words, that it was all out before he realized what he was saying; he asked her to marry him.

Just the slightest tinge of additional color crept into her delicate cheeks as he paused, but she smiled gently—and Young Tommy felt his heart, beating so happily a moment before, sink into his patent leathers again.

"It is very sweet of you, Mr. Rogers," she said slowly, "and I am proud, as any girl would be, of having won your love, but—"

"But what, Marian?" he asked hoarsely, as she hesitated.

"Why," she returned, with just the hint of vexation in her sweet voice, "think a moment, dear boy; how old are you?"

And with a groan that he could not have suppressed had there been a hundred men in the room, he got up and found his way into the conservatory.

Half an hour later he heard whispering voices from the other side of the row of great palms.

"My love, my love!" It was not she who spoke; the voice was a man's, and the next instant Young Tommy saw him stoop and take her in his arms, and as her own white arms slipped about his neck, he pressed kiss after kiss upon the white neck and red lips so close to him, in an ecstasy of delicious happiness.

And the man's wife, who stood talking with the hostess, in the big room across the hall, wondered if it were not time for them to be going home to their little ones.

In another moment they were gone, and Tommy was alone again. At the end of another half hour he got slowly to his feet and shook himself together.

"Yes," said he, in answer to some inward thought. "Yes, I am young; too young, thank God, for that!"

Then he went back into the drawing-room.—E.E.

An Elaborate Scare.

GREAT excitement prevailed throughout the North-West Territories at the time of the last Riel rebellion, and people never knew just where and when an attack might be anticipated.

A North-West missionary who is at present visiting in Toronto, tells a little personal experience which illustrates this. He set out on horseback to visit a distant corner of his field, but just before starting a lady parishioner gave him a bottle of wine to be used for sacramental purposes in the mission at the end of his journey. He rode forty miles and the day was insufferably hot. He had met with no "hostiles" on the way, but just as he entered his quarters he felt a sudden blow on the side, accompanied by a loud report and the crashing of glass.

Like a flash it occurred to him that a skulking Indian had shot him through the window, and he clutched his side and reeled into a corner. His fingers came away moist and sticky, but instead of his life-blood it proved to be the wine, which had become over-heated and so exploded, breaking the bottle.

Ordinarily he might at once have realized what had happened, but at a time when all men's minds were filled with thoughts of Frog Lake massacres and such atrocities he naturally felt that his hour had come.

He lay there for some time, but at a time when all men's minds were filled with thoughts of Frog Lake massacres and such atrocities he naturally felt that his hour had come.

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1897 N. York Gibr'l'r Naples Genoa
Werra Jan. 16 Jan. 25 Jan. 27
Furs Hismark Jan. 23 Feb. 1 Feb. 5
Fulda Jan. 26 Feb. 6 Feb. 12
Normannia Feb. 6 Feb. 15 Feb. 19
Kaiser Wilhelm II. Feb. 13 Feb. 21 Feb. 24
Ems Feb. 20 Mar. 1 Mar. 3
Werra Mar. 6 Mar. 15 Mar. 18
Fulda Mar. 13 Mar. 22 Mar. 25
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S.S. Ems, Jan. 23, has high class second cabin for limited number; rate \$20.

SPECIAL CRUISES - NEW YORK TO EGYPT.
Leave New York (Ar. Gibraltar) (Ar. Alexandria)
Werra Jan. 16 Jan. 25 Feb. 2
Furs Hismark Jan. 23 Feb. 1 Feb. 5
Normannia Feb. 6 Feb. 15 Feb. 19
Fulda Mar. 13 Mar. 22 Mar. 25

ORIENTAL CRUISE - Furs Hismark, Jan. 26.
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Lahn Jan. 19 10 Aller Feb. 9 10
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AMERICAN LINE
NEW YORK - SOUTHAMPTON - London - Paris -
St. Louis - Jan. 6 10 St. Louis - Jan. 27 10
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WESTERNLAND - Wednesday, Jan. 6, noon
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Anecdotal.

An old Scotchman who married a young bride was grieved by some of his friends on the disparity of their ages. "Awel," he said quietly, "she will be near me to close my eyes." "It may be," remarked an old neighbor sentimentally, "but I've had two wives, and they opened my eyes."

It is commonly asserted that women are more anxious for the political advancement of their husbands than the men themselves. Mrs. John Palmer is an exception. After her husband was nominated for the presidency at Indianapolis he returned to his hotel and Mrs. Palmer came out to meet him. "Well, madam," said the senator, shaking her warmly by the hand, "what do you think?" "John," she said, "I am sure you haven't had a bite of lunch. Come with me to the dining-room this minute." They marched off to lunch with no further talk.

No more pithy answer to an important communication was, perhaps, ever made than that sent by General Israel Putnam in 1776 to Governor Tryon of New York. A Royalist lieutenant had been arrested within the American lines and Tryon notified Putnam that dire vengeance would follow if the man were injured, and this was the answer:

Sir, Nathan Palmer, a lieutenant in your King's service, was taken in my camp as a spy; he was tried as a spy; he was condemned as a spy, and he shall be hanged as a spy. ISRAEL PUTNAM.
P.S.—Afternoon. He is hanged.

The following amusing anecdote told by an English paper might fit some of the poets on this side of the pond: A certain musical composer of much talent and popularity—we will call him Smithkins—has a happy appreciation of his own work, as his friends all know. So highly does he estimate Smithkins's compositions that some of his friends were much startled the other day when he said gravely: "Did you ever notice that the names of all the great composers begin with M?" "M!" ejaculated his astonished audience. "Yes, M," said the composer. "Mozart, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Moszkowski—and Me!"

The late Lord Chief Justice of England used to tell a story about himself and a cabman: His lordship was one morning driving to his court in his own coupé when an accident happened to the conveyance, and, fearing that he should be late, he called a cab. "Drive me as rapidly as possible to the Courts of Justice," he said to the driver. "And where be they?" answered "cabby." "What!" exclaimed the Chief Justice, "you a London cabman and don't know where the Law Courts are?" "Oh, the Law Courts, eh?" answered the man; "but you said Courts of justice!" On his way in the cab, the Chief Justice pondered not a little, as he afterward told his brethren, on the reasons why a

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line should be drawn in the popular mind between law and justice.

Sims Reeves tells an amusing anecdote of Mario the singer. Being brought one Thursday night by an eminent composer to sing at a big fashionable party, he found so great a line of carriages in front of his own that it was past midnight ere he arrived at the door. The thought that it was already Friday, and that he was about to sing in a new house, whose hostess he did not even know, had already dismayed the superstitious singer. But when he saw the number on the door was 13, no power on earth and no amount of argument could induce him to enter. "Ah, yes," said the hostess, smiling pleasantly when the composer explained, "a very ingenious excuse, for which Mario ought to be grateful to you. Of course he was intoxicated, and after a long argumentation you at last persuaded him to go home."

Bishop Williams of Marquette, says the Troy Times, was recently invited to serve his alma mater, Cornell University, as university preacher. He did so, coming straight from the Synod of the Canadian Church at Winnipeg and bringing this story with him: "There was a missionary bishop there," said Bishop Williams, "who had been six weeks in coming most of the way by canoe. He rose and began by saying that he would speak for himself and for a brother bishop who, unfortunately, could not be present. He was sorry to say that his brother's diocese had gone to the dogs!" A general gloom followed these words. He went on to say that the bishop had found so many enquirers after religion among the Esquimaux north of Hudson Bay that he had to build a church. As there was no wood he used whale's ribs for rafters, covering them with tanned walrus hide, and so made a church to hold eighty persons. "All went merry as a marriage bell, for a time, until—the dogs grew famished and ate the church."

Between You and Me.

HERE is a dear old lady in this town who has quite an assortment of idiosyncrasies, one of which always amuses me greatly. There is a step down from the sidewalk to her gate, and every time she comes out she stubs her toe against it, and every time she does so she says, "Dear me! there's that step again!" as if she had confidently counted upon it having disappeared since her last encounter. A hundred times has she stubbed, and a hundred times made the identical remark, and the funny part of it never seems to strike her. Perhaps she knows she is not alone in her fatuous acceptance of the jolt and the stubbed toe! Perhaps in her wise old head there is the knowledge of the way of all of us, who stumble, day in and day out, over the same old fault, the identical down-drop, and shrug our shoulders and say, "Dear me, there's that same old sin again!" and let it go at that!

"It's funny enough to put in the paper," was the remark made by a woman to whom I confided my woes. Thus they overtook me. A dear friend had lost her husband; another dear friend had found a pair of twins, "out in the parsley bed," as their wee sister located it. I suitably inscribed a visiting-card to the widow "with sincerest sympathy," and duly left it at her door; then I fixed up another "with congratulations," and smilingly deposited it with a very important-looking maid, who seemed deeply impressed by the achievement of the mother of the twins. It may have been a month later that the proud matron last mentioned encountered me and remarked coldly, "Thanks for your card. No need to be sarcastic though. Your sympathy savored of the green-eyed monster." For one brief moment I held my breath, then I collapsed. I haven't seen the widow, and I sincerely offered thanks when I heard she had left town. And this is the tale of woe which an uproariously laughing woman tells me is funny! The more I think of it the more horrible it looks! I shall never dare to inscribe another card.

Looking with a retrospectively calculating eye upon the Christmas which is gone, and studying the dainty, and pretty, and useful gifts which admiring friends and dutiful relatives have bestowed upon each of us, curious values become recognized. There is a gorgeous present, one admires it with unmovable and unquicken pulse; there is some trifling pretty thing, one smiles gently at it; there is something else from which one turns impatiently, feeling that one would rather not have it; and there is again some precious thing, be it small or great, which one handles with hands reverent, and looks at with eyes a little dimmed, heart aglow, and a lip less firm than usual, and the secret of one's life is laid bare by a Christmas gift! I think the gift, *par excellence*, which I remember in a long retrospect, was just a little letter, a tender wee six lines (like a graphological study) which began, "I love thee more than ever!" and ended "Thine altogether." There wasn't a word of truth in that little letter; it was a fraud on the face of it and both of us knew it, but who stops at Christmas time to see if one's diamond will cut glass? Whenever Christmas comes I think of it—I don't suppose I shall ever cease to remember it, so curiously are women constituted—and whenever I remember, the same sense of gratitude, of obligation, of satisfaction steals into my brain and robs me of the solid good sense which I cherish on every other day of the year. *Ay de mi!* to imagine the imbecility which holds in remembrance careless little impulsive falsehoods, dashed off in a minute by—a man!

It was very dark an I had missed the cab, with eight minutes to wait for another. Out of the darkness came a queer old man, with his ears tied into a cap. "Tis a mild night, and good for you that it is, for if it was sleeting and raining you'd not stand it so well," said he, peering at my best hat and feathers. "You're a bit late; a crowd went down in the last car. And for my part I don't see why they hurried. Sure, it's just supper-time, and I'd think they'd want to stay and get some." I peered in some surprise at the old man, and then gently explained to him the mystery of a five-o'clock

Boxing Day.



Benevolent Employer (who makes a point of giving each of his employees a Christmas Box—"Uho! one more? I thought I'd given everybody. But who are you, my man? I don't seem to know your face."
Pat—Plaze, yer honor, I'm the man wot sometimes has the loan of yer barrer.—Pick-Me-Up.

tea. He shook his head. "Sheer foolishness, and not worthy of the likes of them that do it," he said grimly. "And they have music playing and youse don't listen to it, and lots to eat and youse don't eat it, and no chairs to set down on, and no room to get about. Well, if that's society doin's I'm well out of 'em." And with much more he entertained me and I him, till the car arrived and I climbed aboard.

"Oh, isn't Dr. T— perfectly killing?" said a woman at the tea, and then, being squelched by laughing hearers, she corrected herself. "Well, I mean, hasn't he a killing way?" which, the doctor said, only made bad worse.

If there is one thing funnier than another it is surely the old photograph album—that crimson, or purple, or green concern, with a great clasp and a filling of "as you were's" that would stop a motor car. The old folks in their whiskers or crinolines are not so bad as the young folks in their curls and "rats," and uproarious tips. One realizes the crime of being old-fashioned and turns with fresher zest to the *denier cri* in the way of a frock. There you are in all the confidence and Grecian bend of the early seventies; there is your one-time adorer, now the father of six, with a dumpling mother, who isn't you, thanks to the fickle fancy of twenty-five years ago; there is the smirking girl, whose expression was once the correct thing, and who would have fainted at the notion of bicycle bloomers; here is an evening dress which makes you shudder, and a hat like an inverted flower-pot in which you mightily fancied yourself. Here is the woman you saw married, and prophesied all manner of happiness—you turn over the leaf quickly—she is gone? Yes, where none of us dare remember her. The faces of father and mother, did they ever simpler or carry such a "devil of a fellow" expression as they do in the old album? Well may Time look over your shoulder in conscious strength and wisdom and murmur patronizingly in your ear, "*Nous avons change tout cela!*"
LADY GAY.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon MUST accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

BROWNIE.—I give it up, my dear! I know such a lot of short, dark girls whose first initial is M. Ask me something easier. You can write just as often as you like, you nice wee thing!

LITTLE PILGRIM.—This is a very unsatisfactory study, showing a weak hold on vital principles, a tendency to crankiness, and the most unreliable judgment. Writer has a curious mixture of strength and weakness, is conservative, self-satisfied and talkative.

LITTLE IRISH FACE.—Force, direct aim and excellent determination are shown in this remarkably attractive study. Writer is generous, ambitious, clever and honest; administrative ability, good judgment, courage, discretion, hope, good sequence of ideas, and a thoroughly live and clever person are shown. Writer should be able to look the whole world in the face.

PRINCESS.—This is a very studied and formal hand, most likely in use for business purposes. It has some pretty lines, mainly suggestions of good sense and good nature, a willingness to adapt yourself to people and circumstances, and a taste for nice and harmonious surroundings. The perfection and beauty of your curves confess your knack of admiring and imitating what you admire. Your method is careful, saving, practical and reliable.

BEN-MACHREE.—This is a curiously reticent but rather generous person, persistent and bound to carry an argument or a point to the bitter end. A touch of humor and a generally cheerful temper. Oh, dear, do you ever tell tire-some stories? I hope not, or are you just a conventional traveler who never climbs out of your rut? You have originality too, and a way of looking at things, and a conscience. But, waken up.

KITTIE.—1. What a lovely summer you had. I do like that beach very much, though it is a good many years since I was there. 2. You are a nice child, sweet-tempered, cheerful and very pleased to be admired. Your will is firm and affection reliable. Sometimes you are careless, but always honest and true. You have a good deal of sympathy, are fond of company, and will improve greatly with time.

Take pains to develop yourself. You are well worth it.

DAISY M.—1. The "enclosed was the required enclosure." 2. Your writing shows a very determined and conclusive attitude, no marked reasoning power. You can settle a matter to your own perfect satisfaction, which real earnest thought would make you doubtful about. Your will is firm and your method very thorough; you are a trifle selfish and at all times tenacious of your rights. You are careful over any matter of explanation or detail, a trifle tedious about explanations, I fancy, and averse to being hurried. Self-reliance and self-assurance are shown. All you need is broadening.

CRACKER-JACK.—1. I really hope you haven't mixed your namesake. I know I have two of you somewhere about. How would Avenue road do to identify you? 2. A very nice little, neat little, concrete little study, self-respecting, conscientious and careful over work; no reasoner, having difficulty in carrying an idea to its conclusion. A man of business habits, neither markedly ambitious nor yet slavishly content, a trifle weak in purpose, though very decided and trustworthy. Sympathy is fair, tact good and self-esteem flourishing. There is trace of cleverness on certain lines, and rather a touch of self-seeking. Shame! Not worthy of the rest.

BOXY.—I hope you saw the article on Christmas presents, which was published in time to meet your demand. Your study shows concentration and honesty, carelessness of detail, but a desire for perfection. Would you not be improved by thinking more of the little attractivenesses of dress and manner? Your mind is clear and perception good, temper first-rate and taste very fair. A practical method, good, steady purpose and rather good discretion are shown. As to presents for ladies, there are silver things galore—hat-pins, whisks, bonnet-brushes, padlock bracelets, purses, card-cases, umbrellas, trunks, luggage-labels, all of which are silver-mounted and should be engraved with name or initials.

COUNTRY BORN.—1. Thanks for your kind wishes; may I return them in kind? I do not in the least object to being addressed as you address me, by letter; it is different from greeting in the marketplace, or the glided halls of—etc., etc. 2. Your writing is remarkable, first from its lack of sequence and erratic slant. You have a great deal of talent, and an utter incapacity of keeping a secret; but as to your being low in the world, that's all in my eye! You are undoubtedly of the higher strata, and shouldn't deny it; you have not the adaptability necessary to make you comfortable elsewhere. Should fate have placed you out of your element, the only cure you'll ever find is to cease studying environment and look within; I am sure you would interest yourself. You have hope and some sense of humor, some diplomacy, good affection, and a rather strong leaning toward an easy time. Courage, my friend; seek your own strength, for it's there, and you'll find it some day.

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Of course the heart fails to act when a man dies, but "Heart Failure," so called, nine times out of ten is caused by Uric Acid in the blood which the Kidneys fail to remove, and which corrodes the heart until it becomes unable to perform its functions.

Health Officers in many cities very properly refuse to accept "Heart Failure," as a cause of death. It is frequently a sign of ignorance in the physician, or may be given to cover up the real cause.

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Perhaps few of us are aware that Sir Edward Poynter, the recently elected president of the Royal Academy, has a very celebrated nephew, that nephew being Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

The French Government is rapidly adding the work of foreigners to its museums. One of the latest additions to the Luxembourg Gallery is G. W. Jay's Joan of Arc, exhibited last spring at the Champs-Élysées.

At a recent meeting in Toronto of the council of the Royal Canadian Academy it was decided to hold the annual exhibition in Ottawa on the tenth of next March. The council has declared one vacancy to the rank of academicians, which will be filled at the time of the exhibition, in accordance with the votes of the academicians and associates. This will prove an important and probably closely-contested election, as a number of well equipped painters are still in the lower rank of the Academy.

The *Magazine of Art* offers prizes of £75, £15 and £10 respectively for posters for the *Quiver* magazine. The competition is open to everyone, and no conditions are imposed save adherence to the proportions of the poster, which will be 80x60 inches, and the inclusion of the words, "Cassell & Co., Limited, London, Paris and Melbourne." Designs may be sent in until January 31, 1897.

Studio day, last Saturday, met with its usual success. Is it in order, however, to suggest to the promoters that the visiting hours might be limited? From three to five, or from four to six, as the days grow longer, would certainly afford sufficient time for the visitor to go to two or three studios, and would at the same time relieve the host or hostess from the unnecessary fatigue of receiving during a very long afternoon.

The January number of *The Westminster*, a new magazine published in Toronto, is fortunate in having a cover designed for it by Mr. F. M. Knowles. The original charcoal drawing is at present an attractive feature of Matthews' window.

Mr. Sherwood's portrait of the late J. R. Dundas, which he has just finished, is a work of merit. The arrangement of the background and drapery is very simple and the likeness, which is of first importance in portraiture, is good.

The winter number of *The Studio* contains a long article by Pennell on Stevenson as an illustrator, and gives out of his efforts in the line of wood engraving. The article seems unnecessarily long, for the engravings with their accompanying verses speak for themselves, and are full of the delicate gaiety we associate with Stevenson. In the same number some French artists and their studios are described, chief among them being Pavis de Chavannes. Here are a few words descriptive of his manner of living and of his attitude towards others in his profession, which show his simplicity and his greatness better than even his great decorations can show them. "Besides his large studio he has two apartments, a bedroom and a dressing-room, nothing more. On the walls are drawings, sketches and

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photographs of his works; and for furniture, simply a big table, a few arm-chairs and a sofa. Here it is he receives his friends every morning before nine o'clock. He will open the door himself, robed in a long brown dressing-gown like a monk's garment; and as he dresses he will talk of art or literature, or the latest news, anything in fact, and always with rare depth of thought and the most charming bonhomie. Never a spiteful word about any man, or any man's work, for he is full of kindness and indulgence towards every artistic effort. Truly there is in this great man an extraordinary simplicity of feeling and a most lively freshness of impressions. Unceasingly absorbed in his own placid imaginings, he has been kept aloof from the ugly side of life. And yet he had to struggle hardest of them all before his triumph came. His real working studio is at Neuilly, outside the fortifications; a vast, bare room, with plenty of space for his enormous canvases. He goes there every morning at nine o'clock, and remains till the evening, working alone all day on the ladder without the assistance of pupils. The only break in his work is a light meal at midday.

LYNN C. DOYLE.

The exhibition of G. F. Watts' R.A., paintings in London, Eng., at present on view, seems to have created quite a wide-spread interest in the works of this illustrious painter. He shows in them, at least in many of them, an utter want of drawing. "Indeed," says an exchange, "there are annually turned out of the schools of South Kensington and the Royal Academy school, as well as in a dozen other ateliers, hundreds of pupils that can discount Watts, yes, even show him more than he ever knew about drawing, but in the pictures of Watts there is a something so fascinating, so poetic, so dreamy, which seems to reach into your very soul, that you forget all about what the student of drawing goes all around in search of and relies so much upon. Watts may be an indifferent draughtsman, but what matters it how a man may draw if the soul is not present in the final work? The features of Watts' pictures are color and expression—the only qualities which will preserve him or any other painter." There is a volume of truth in this view so well expressed. Is there not too much evidence of the antique and the mere academical in our present-day exhibitions? It is most refreshing to find a man who sets at defiance the narrowing conventionalities of academical principles. We should feel in the presence of a picture, not what is suggested by an interested onlooker, perhaps a trained eye; we should see that which is expressed in the face of the work, and if it lives in our memory, then indeed have we seen aright.

Max Beerbohm has written a clever article in the *London Mail*, discussing statues, signboards and shop windows. He declares that the time has now come for demolishing the so-called statues that disfigure the streets of London; that artists should use their skill with paints and brushes in painting shop signs; and that shop windows should not be piled full of stuff, but that a "reticent symbolism" should be practiced by shopmen. One never knows how much, if any, of an article by Max Beerbohm is seriously intended, and the charm of his style rests in the surprises that suddenly spring at the reader:

"Sculpture is the most obtrusive of all arts. Its elemental grandeur, its breadth of aspect, its swift impressiveness, and the archaic hardness of its material give it a right in air, in frigore, in imbrui. It was the supreme decoration of great cities. It is the supreme disfigurement of great cities. None but a sculptor and his mother would deny that sculpture is a lost art. Yet the number of statues is on the increase, for we suffer the most abominable artificers to hew and set up in our midst images of the most unworthy gentlemen. We suffer London to be ruined under our eyes, so easy-going are we. Quite lately I suggested that things had come to a crisis, that we must have no more statues, that those that were ripe for demolition. But my plea has been forgotten, perhaps not seriously considered. And so—for I cannot look at modern statues now—most thoroughfares are closed to me, and I have to make my way through tortuous side-streets. It happens, now and again, that I must cross some street where a statue is visible. Then I shut my eyes and stand, tapping my stick upon the curb, till some altruist leads me across."

One on W. Dean Howells.

Near Washington square, in New York, there is housed a small club of Bohemians, the walls of whose quarters are modestly covered with tinted burlap. On these walls, all visitors of note are expected to write their names and a sentiment original to the occasion. It is told that William Dean Howells dropped in one day, looked around, and wrote: "I can't think of a thing. William Dean Howells."

A jester happened by, and scrawled below: "Autobiography of William Dean Howells."

Wine at the White House.

Argonaut.
The triumphant—but, as it now appears, premature—announcement by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union that President McKinley will permit nothing stronger than water to be drunk at the White House, recalls the witticism of Mr. Everts, Secretary of State under Hayes, who remarked that "water flowed like champagne" at the White House banquets. He did not hesitate to express his disapproval of the prohibition system at the executive mansion, saying that the President had no right to impose his eccentric notions upon people who were being entertained as guests of the nation. When the time arrived for the first diplomatic dinner of the administration, Mr. Everts had a discussion on the subject with Mrs. Hayes. He represented to her that the foreign ministers

had been brought up to drink wine instead of water; it was a necessity to them. The lady replied firmly: "It is my dinner and I shall serve no wine." "But, madam," replied the Secretary, "it is not your dinner. It is my dinner, as inasmuch it is paid for out of the funds of the State Department." It is a fact that this particular "spread" is not paid for, like the other State dinners, out of the President's own pocket. Mrs. Hayes's answer is not recorded, but it is certain that she had her way, and that the luckless diplomats got no wine.

The Outcome.

Chicago Post.
The new woman orator waxed eloquent. "And what," she demanded, as she came to the climax, "is to be the result of our emancipation?" She looked around with the calm assurance of one who had asked a poser, and this was too much for the little man who was waiting for his wife in a far corner of the hall. "I know," he shouted. "Ah," returned the new woman on the platform scornfully, "the little man with the bald head thinks he has solved the problem that we came here to discuss this afternoon. We will gladly give our attention while he tells us what is to be the result." "Cold dinners and ragged children," roared the little man.

Comfort For the Old Folks.

Suppose the wheels of time could suddenly be reversed, and we could, in an instant, go back to the year 1814. Why, man, you wouldn't recognize England. You wouldn't know how to speak, what to do, or how to understand the things around you. You would be so completely lost as though you were whisked away and dropped on the planet Jupiter. You would find no railways in England, no telegraphs, no running water in the city houses, and mighty few of the houses themselves that are standing now. Between 1814 and 1894 the difference is as great as between 1814 and 1600. Yes; and greater.

Yet a lady who was born in 1814 writes us the following letter. She says: "In the early part of 1814 I commenced to feel weak and ailing. My appetite was bad, and after meals I had an aching pain in the chest and a most uncomfortable feeling in her stomach. My mouth tasted badly, and I spat up a sour, sickening fluid. I was much troubled with wind, belching it up frequently. It was about all I could do to get around here and there in the house. "A woman that I knew told me of a medicine that she said had done her a great deal of good; she called it Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. She said it would do as much for me. On hearing this I sent and got a bottle from Mr. F. Daniel's, grocer and draper, in Linton, and began to take it. I am glad to say that in a very short time I felt much better. The bad symptoms I had spoken of went away, and soon I was as strong and hearty as I had been before the trouble came on me. "I am 80 years of age, and can do almost any kind of work easily and with comfort. I owe it to Mother Seigel's Syrup, and by taking an occasional dose when I feel ailing I *keep me in good health for ten years*. I recommend the Syrup to all my friends, and if by printing my letter in the papers you think other persons—especially those who are advanced in life—may come to hear of the Syrup and use it, I shall be pleased to have you do so. (Signed) Mrs. Woollett, Wheeler's Lane, Linton, near Maidstone, Jan. 16, 1894."

We do think Mrs. Woollett's letter will do good and so you find it printed here. Now, there are a great many old people in this country, some of them perhaps even older than she. And they need a gentle and good medicine like Mother Seigel's Syrup. Old age is a time when life is apt to seem a heavy thing to bear, particularly if there is more or less pain and illness. And this is sure to be the case. The stomach gives out. Old people can't digest as they once did. Their food sours and ferments in the stomach, and makes all those bad feelings that Mrs. Woollett herself had. And when they cannot eat and digest their food, of course they get weak and feeble, and have to lie in bed or sit in the corner, unable to take the air and go about for necessary exercise. Then they get to thinking they are in the way, and grow downhearted and low-spirited. Besides, they are likely to be troubled with rheumatism, which is a complaint peculiarly common to old people, and comes from a bad digestion.

Now, for curing and mitigating the ailments of old people, there is nothing in the world so good as Mother Seigel's Syrup. It doesn't sicken them and tear them all to pieces, as some harsh medicines do. It operates gently and thoroughly; it doesn't make them worse before it makes them better. For indigestion, dyspepsia, rheumatism, and all the aches, pains, and discomforts of age, it is just right.

Mother Seigel, who discovered it, knew what her elderly friends needed—nobody better. Well, we can't go back to 1814, and we don't want to. In spite of all the growlers and grumblers, we are better off where we are. In 1814 Mother Seigel's Syrup was never heard of; it didn't exist. But everybody knew it in 1894. It is one of the great and good things of this end of the century.

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We all meet, from time to time, with so-called translations of foreign songs into the English language. Some of the most ridiculous of these emanate from the gigantic intellects of well-meaning Teutons. The climax in this line was recently reached by a learned German who, after considerable labor and by the aid of his dictionary, tortured the phrase which is familiar to us as "The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak," into "The ghost is willing but the meat is feeble." The following letter and verses from Mr. Angelo M. Read, the well known Canadian musician, will be read with interest as further illustrating the point that in translating from one language to another it is not always safe to trust implicitly to one's dictionary:

Musical Editor Toronto Saturday Night:
SIR,—I forward a curiosity in the way of translation into English, which I picked up whilst in Vienna. The (original) German text received a musical setting by a resident singing master (op. 8 of his creations) and it is dedicated to Herr—K. u. K. Hofopernsänger, Vienna. The following is the original German poem with the English exactly as it is in the copy before me. Very truly,

ANGLO M. READ.
ST. CATHARINES, JAN. 1, 1897.

HINGEBUNG.	DEVOTION.
"Swär um eine späte Stund."	"Twas 'bout a late hour I found."
Mitten in der Nacht, Sternlein glänzen in der Rund.	In the midst of night, Little stars shone in the round.
Heißen stille Wacht.	Kept watch tranquil quite.
Weils nicht wie's ge kommen ist.	Don't know how it happened.
Weils nicht wie's ge kommen ist.	Don't know how 'twas there.
Das mein Lieb ohn jede List.	That my love without wile.
Bot ihr Muendlein dar.	Yes, offer'd her mouth fair.
Weils nicht wie's ge kommen ist.	Don't know how 'twas further on.
Das sie mich um-herzt.	That she huggeth me.
Dass das wunder-herz Ding.	That the sweet thing as of own Pities finally.
Endlich sich er barmt!	Kissed my lips to make them sore.
Küsst mir die Lippen wund.	Had never thought that right.
Hueft das nie gedacht.	'Twas about a late hour more.
Swär um eine späte Stund.	In the midst of night.

Handel's Messiah was given in Buffalo on Monday evening of last week, under Mr. John Lund's direction, by a chorus of three hundred voices, the Buffalo Symphony Orchestra, and a quartette of prominent American soloists. The performance is highly spoken of by Buffalo critics, although the receipts totaled only \$700, whereas the expenditure was \$1,700—a loss of a "cool thousand." The deficit was afterwards wiped out by about thirty guarantors. These gentlemen, I am informed by one of them, have arrived at the conclusion that Buffalo does not desire oratorio, and so far as the guarantors are concerned the majority have decided to withdraw from active support of any future oratorio venture in the Bison City. This step is to be regretted, although experiences of recent years, in as English a town even as Toronto, demonstrate clearly that the old-time popularity of that grand old institution, oratorio, is decidedly on the wane. As the general musical culture of the masses develops and oratorio is brought into competition with other forms of musical expression, the same results are recorded everywhere. We now hear a complaint from London, Eng., that with increased activity in the line of orchestral work, the public is becoming more and more apathetic as regards oratorio. The London correspondent of the New York *Musical Courier* says in this connection: "Even The Messiah on any but special occasions will not draw a full house. The Elijah does not draw as it did. Musical taste is changing."

The Male Chorus Club, under Mr. Walter H. Robinson's direction, is attaining great proficiency in the preparation of its work for the annual concert of the society on February 11 next. I am informed that at no time in the history of the Club has the advance subscription list contained as many names as this season. This is indisputable proof of the popularity of the society and the enterprise and ability of its officers. The following numbers will be sung by the Club:

Strike, Strike the Lyre.....T. Cooke.
Hymn to Music.....Lachned.
Embarrassment.....F. Abt.
Smile, Mollie Darling.....Bishop.
The Lord is my Shepherd.....Schubert.
The Goodbye.....Bridge.
Hunting Song.....Shepherd.

Besides this excellent programme, Mr. Bispham will sing, among others, three "Cavalier songs" by Villiers Stanford, with chorus accompaniment. Mr. Bispham has sung these songs with great success in New York and with the Orpheus Glee Club of Philadelphia, and they will no doubt be a distinct and novel feature of the concert. The Mendelssohn Glee Club of Chicago have also lately sung these songs with great success. The assisting artists—Mr. David Bispham, the splendid baritone, and Mr. Gregorowitch, the eminent Russian violinist—are probably the strongest outside attractions ever secured by the Club. A subscribers' list is at Messrs. Nordheimer's and Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's.

The musical critic of the Buffalo *Courier* seems to be in a bad way. In referring to the recent performance of Handel's Messiah in that city, he or she started the musical world of Buffalo by sagely declaring that: "The Messiah is a majestic work in every respect, and it never seems more sublime than when its music is presented by singers who realize the impossibility of giving it adequate expression." Well, well, what next? The critic referred to in all probability hails from the western town,

the choral society of which, under a local "professor," experimented on a production of Handel's great work, much to the delectation of the audience present on the occasion. We are told that it was truly "sublime"—that is, the fun. After an heroic struggle with the opening numbers the chorus went to smash completely on All we Like Sheep Have Gone Astray. This bit of realism was too much for the audience. They felt they had gotten their money's worth and departed. This was an occasion when "singers realized (and demonstrated, so far as they were concerned) the impossibility of giving the work adequate expression." Fortunately for Buffalo, however, its choral forces deserve better treatment than to be classed with the rubbish which staggers at sight of Handel's familiar and singable oratorio.

In a letter to a friend Miss Minnie Topping, the talented Toronto pianist who is studying with Herr Krause, the eminent Leipzig pedagogue, gives expression to sentiments which, on account of the unusual common sense embodied in them, merit reproduction. She says: "I have been told that Herr Krause considers that I have the best natural fingers (flexible) of any of his pupils. I would much rather he had said I had the best natural head. I have been invited to play at the Abend entertainments, but I do not care to make a fool of myself and have firmly decided not to play for a year, no matter what anyone says. I did not come over here with a burning longing to play at the earliest possible date, but rather to continue learning how to play. We have had Sophie Menter, Carreno, Sapelnikoff and D'Albert here recently, and it was my good fortune to meet Sapelnikoff the other day at my lesson. He is a very genial and pleasant man, but cannot speak a word of English. Sophie Menter played the Bach-Tausig version of Bach's D minor Toccata at her Liszt Vereiner recital, but she did not equal Aus der Ohe's performance of it. Friedheim was present at the Abend several weeks ago and showed great interest in the playing of the pupils."

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Musical Courier* makes the following graceful references to Guilman's recent appointment on the staff of the Paris Conservatoire: "Alexandre Guilman, one of the brightest stars in the musical firmament of France, a man to whose incorruptible integrity the country bows its head, a musician of international renown, enters the ranks of Conservatoire teachers this week by accepting the chair of organ professor offered him by the state. It is difficult for an American to comprehend that to do this he gives up many private students ready and willing to pay him big prices for their instruction. Yet he does this very thing, and in doing it no thought of remuneration enters his simple, honest mind. Of course he can still give private lessons, but two hours three times a week, with the heavy responsibilities of teaching 'artists,' the constant examinations, attendance steady and regular, and the drain on his sympathies in the new work will make these cherished privileges more precious than ever. Private or public, in class in studio or in audience, the disciples of this sound and orthodox apostle are to be congratulated. May the Conservatoire have a long lease of his precious services!"

We sometimes hear of unfortunate mortals who cannot distinguish between God Save the Queen and Yankee Doodle. Abraham Lincoln and General Grant have frequently been classed among such. A good story, however, in the January number of the *Century Magazine*, draws attention to General Grant's own statement that there was at least one tune with which he claimed a family acquaintance. As the Union troops were emerging into the open from the terrible battle-field of the Wilderness, "a drum corps in passing caught sight of the General and at once struck up a then popular negro camp-meeting air. Everyone began to laugh, and Rawlins cried, 'Good for the drums!' 'What's the fun?' enquired General Grant. 'Why,' was the reply, 'they are playing, Ain't I Glad to get out of the Wilderness!' The General smiled at the ready wit of the musicians and said: 'Well, with me a musical joke always requires explanation. I know only two tunes; one is Yankee Doodle and the other isn't.'"

The subscribers' list for the Mendelssohn Choir concert on January 28 is rapidly assuming very large proportions. For the convenience of the public a list has been left at Messrs. Nordheimer's, 15 King street east. Subscribers will have first choice of seats, and all desirous of attending will do well to take the precaution of subscribing in advance. The chorus is hard at work at a most interesting programme, embracing double choruses, motettes, glees, madrigals, and part-songs for mixed, women's and men's voices. Whilst the chorus has always proved the principal attraction at the concerts of this society, no expense has been spared in securing the very best available assisting artists, as the engagement of such an eminent pianist as Miss Aus der Ohe and the brilliant French soprano, Mlle. Verlet, testifies. The concert promises to be the most brilliant, artistically and financially, in the history of the society.

Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, organist of St. Simon's, rendered the following programme of organ music after Evensong on Sunday evening last: Marche Cortege (Reine de Saba)—Gounod; Chant Pastorale—Dubois; Allegretto Villerecia—Fumagalli; Christmas Offertorium—Lemmens. Vocal numbers were rendered by Messrs. V. Hutchinson, Alan Fairweather, H. McCausland and Rev. E. J. Wood. The recital was much enjoyed by the large congregation remaining after the regular service.

The second recital of Mr. A. T. Blakeley's series for this season will be given in the Sherbourne street Methodist church on Saturday afternoon next. Mr. Blakeley is preparing a very attractive programme, embracing works by Dubois, St. Saens, Gullman, Rheinberger, Sullivan and other composers, in which he will be assisted by Mr. Paul Hahn, cellist; Mr. August Andersen, violinist, and a harpist.

Mme. Teresa Carreno, the world-famed pianist, appears in Massey Hall on Monday evening, January 18. Mme. Carreno has just returned to America after a most brilliant tour

through Europe. She has always been a great favorite in Toronto and will doubtless attract a large audience on the occasion of her re-appearance here on the date mentioned.

Mr. Walter H. Robinson spent the past week in New York. Whilst there he took a special course at the school of Vocal Science, and also had invitations to sing in several churches and musical clubs. He returned to the city on Tuesday and resumed lessons with his numerous pupils at his studio, 143 Yonge street, immediately upon his arrival.

Dr. Stocks Hammond, organist of St. James' cathedral, has for the past fortnight been confined to his room through illness. His place at the organ was taken by a substitute on Sunday last, but it is expected that Dr. Hammond will be able to be present personally at to-morrow's services.

Miss Edith J. Miller, the charming young contralto, has arranged to give a recital of vocal music in St. George's Hall on Saturday evening, January 16, when she will be heard in some of her best work since studying with Randegger in London, and Mme. Marchesi in Paris.

Delicate Compliment.

Among the musical reminiscences of Max Müller, as printed in *Cosmopolis*, is a good one about Mendelssohn and Liszt. The incident occurred during Liszt's first visit to Germany. His style of playing was then somewhat new, and he was, as he remained, theatrical in his manner. The Leipzig critics were not effusive. Says Max Müller:

Mendelssohn only, with his well tempered heart, received him with open arms. He gave a matinee musical at his house, all the best known musicians of the place being present. Well, Liszt appeared in his Hungarian costume, wild and magnificent. He told Mendelssohn that he had written something special for him. He sat down, and swaying right and left on his music-stool, played first a Hungarian melody, and then three or four variations, one more incredible than the other.

We stood amazed, and after everybody had paid his compliments to the hero of the day, some of Mendelssohn's friends gathered around him and said:

"Ah, Felix, now we can pack. No one can do that; it is over with us!" Mendelssohn smiled; and when Liszt came up to him asking him to play something, he laughed and said that he never played now; and this, to a certain extent, was true. He did not give much time to practicing then, but worked chiefly at composing and directing his concerts. However, Liszt would take no refusal, and so at last little Mendelssohn, with his own charming playfulness, said:

"Well, I'll play, but you must promise me not to be angry." And what did he play? He sat down and played first of all, Liszt's Hungarian melody, and then one variation after another, so that no one but Liszt himself could have told the difference. We all trembled lest Liszt should be offended, for Mendelssohn could not keep himself from imitating Liszt's movements and raptures. However, Mendelssohn managed never to offend man, woman or child.

Liszt laughed and applauded, and admitted that no one, not he himself, could have performed such a bravura.

"You must let the baby have one cow's milk to drink every day," said the doctor. "Very well, if you say so, doctor," said the perplexed young mother; "but I really don't see how he's going to hold it all!"

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Social and Personal.

I saw Dr. Herbert Yates in town, looking very well, but not the least overshadowed by paternal cares.

Colds are very prevalent this week. The vagaries of those Observatory people are deserv- ing of the knout or the bowstring, such weather are they letting loose upon us.

Mrs. T. C. Patteson, who has been visiting Mrs. A. E. Palmer in Ottawa, returned home last week for New Year.

The Premier, who has been under the weather for some time, is, happily, quite better.

The numbers of children's parties used to be a feature of the holiday season; parties small and early, and always presupposing a hearty mid-day dinner. But this year our youngsters have blossomed out into regular *debutante* airs. "I am dining out this evening, so I can't go to the rink," said a lass of ten to her little chum. "And so I am dining out, too; and we are going to have a luncheon party and waiters, real ones, you know, not our own ones; and I have a bouquet, and I receive, and so does Mollie." Mollie, who is about knee-high to a grasshopper, nodded her white bonnet. "We ordered vidgival ices and *punch*!" she said solemnly. "The girls like vidgival ices, the funny ones, little old men, and toads, and grannies." "And won't you have boys?" I enquired. Mollie and Mollie's elders regarded me calmly. "It is a young ladies' luncheon," said Mollie's sister with a lorgnette stare at me, and I fled!

Sundry rumors regarding a shifting of soldiery are whispered. "A" Battery from Kingston has been ordered here by various imaginative parties. We could welcome "A" Battery very heartily. Then our dear Dragoons have been whisked off to Hamilton, where they would have to hang up their horses on hooks I fancy, for there aren't any proper stables for them there. Another wise-acre has sent the Dragoons to Kingston, which would perhaps be more probable—only we really can't do without them here. Talking of military matters, the long expected settlement of the Queen's Own tangle is on this week; let us hope that crack regiment will soon be over its difficulties and that the late dead-lock may never strike it in future.

"Not a shadow of truth in it," was what a prominent young lady in Toronto's most exclusive circles was pleased to reply to a friend's enquiry about her rumored engagement to a very devoted admirer. "And," she added thoughtfully, "I am convinced it was circulated by one of those people who cannot bear to see anyone receive attentions which are denied to themselves," which was a bit acid of her, but carried some conviction in certain quarters.

A large number of members and friends of the Embro Club assembled in the Pythian parlors on New Year's night and spent a most enjoyable evening, the occasion being their third At Home. The following composed the committee: Mr. C. Budrow, Mr. F. Brown, Mr. J. Chattoe, Mr. T. Palmer, Mr. R. Magill, Mr. J. Blackie, Mr. J. E. Shortt, Mr. T. Fudge, Mr. G. C. Brown, Mr. J. Chapman, Mr. J. T. Watson and Mr. G. Parrington.

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By his clever reproduction of Sir William's triple chin Mr. Furniss won the approval of the Messenger of the House of Commons, who had been inclined to resent the artist's presence in the press gallery.

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On Thursday evening Mr. Furniss will give his entertainment "America in a Hurry." On each evening Mrs. Blight will render choice selections on the organ before the entertainment begins.

Social and Personal.

On Wednesday afternoon two popular hostesses entertained large numbers of ladies at tea, Mrs. J. W. F. Ross and Mrs. Frank Macdonald being at home on that day from half-past four to seven o'clock. Though the localities in which the several teas were held are as was Dan to Beersheba, many people managed to attend both of them, by dint of rapid transit cars or the concise direction to a coachman, "Drive as quickly as possible." Mrs. Ross was assisted in receiving by Miss Ida Nudell, and several young ladies took charge of the tea-room. The table was daintily decorated in white and green, with shaded banquet lamp wreathed with asparagus ferns. A vision of pretty little folks was seen on the landing, where baby and her little brother and sister were warmly greeted and petted by Grand-mamma Gooderham of Waveney, and many other relatives. A few of the earlier comers at this very pleasant tea were: Mrs. Arthurs, Mrs. Greene, Mrs. Percy Eliot, Mrs. Albert Gooderham, Mrs. Ed. Gooderham, Mrs. Brouse, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Matthews and Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson.

Mrs. Frank Macdonald's violet tea was certainly one of the "sweetest" things of the season, owing to the fancy followed by the decorations, which consisted of English double violets, fragrant and fresh, strewn upon a crinkled buffet-drape of lustrous white satin, a charming fancy truly, but one seldom indulged in in these northern latitudes, for reasons which will assert themselves in many impecunious but artistic quarters. The pungent and delightful life-breath of the flower of Napoleon filled the tempered air of the handsome dining-room, and the color scheme of the whole followed the tint of the fragrant violet. A great many congenial people, largely from the west side, attended this tea, among whom I noticed: Mrs. and the Misses Brown, who are now residing in the Karn homestead in Wellington place and have already been voted the acquisition *par excellence* among our new comers in society; the Misses Michie, Mrs. and Miss Crease, Mrs. and Miss Brouse, Mrs. Willie Brouse, Mrs. Cook, who wore a stunning costume of black velvet and ermine; Mrs. Chadwick, Mrs. S. S. and Miss Macdonell, Mrs. John I. Davidson, Mrs. Helliwell, Mrs. Karn, Mrs. Piton, Miss Skeaff, and Mrs. and Miss Kay. The Misses Chadwick and several other young ladies assisted in the tea-room, which was filled to overflowing with the smart and brilliant crowd which always turns out to grace the popular afternoon tea. Canaan, if not exactly flowing with milk and honey, on Wednesday afternoon presented a more varied menu than the historical one aforesaid, and the excellence of the punch *frappe* was universally acknowledged.

Mrs. Jarvis (*nee Kerr*) has a very beautiful waltz, now published, entitled *Dream of Rossland*. That Mrs. Jarvis's music may prove a gold mine to her is the wish of many admiring friends.

The Hunt Club dance is to be held at the Club-house, Scarborough, on the evening of January 28. The decision as to its whereabouts was left with the lady members and they chose the out-of-town rendezvous.

Miss Phillips of the Queen's Park gave a young ladies' tea on Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Robert Grant and her little son returned home on Saturday. The little one is a very bouncing baby, with whom the air of Durham seems to have agreed well; as to his mamma, she never looked prettier nor better than she does to-day.

Scare telegrams about our absent Lieutenant-Governor have alarmed many warm friends, but I am happy to say that Mrs. Kirkpatrick on her arrival found Mr. Kirkpatrick doing very nicely, and quite comfortably convinced of the ultimate good results of the operation. People are realizing, now that both these well-known people are abroad, how much they are beloved and how anxiously expected home again.

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showing this year, and Dunlop's sale-rooms have been easily first in number and beauty of blooms. Our American winter sojourners are surprised at the beauty of the roses and other exquisite flowers. By the way, there is no surer indication of a refined and cultured nature than a love of flowers, not as an occasional indulgence in a vast bouquet, but the constant presence of a few choice fragrant blossoms. I am often amazed at the dollars spent in Toronto on candles, and the overlooking of the higher and subtler pleasure to be had from a winter meteor, a bridesmaid rose, a head of magnonette or a deliciously sweet knot of violets.

The Bank Hockey League play their opening match to-day at the Victoria Rink, Imperial rd. Commerce, at half-past three o'clock. On next Tuesday, Toronto vs. Dominion, and on this day week, Imperial vs. Toronto, so says the schedule.

Mrs. Ferguson of Montreal is on a visit to her brother, the Premier of Ontario, and Mrs. Hardy.

Mrs. Somerville of Athelstone has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Cockburn Clemow. Mrs. Somerville and Mrs. Hetherington assisted their nieces, the Misses Cockburn Clemow, at their young people's dance last week.

The Riding and Driving Club held their meeting for the season's organization on Monday, and should the beautiful descend in reasonable quantities we shall see the avalanche sweeping around town in its inspiring grandeur to the music of the bells, silver bells.

Mrs. Lount of St. George street, who has been spending the Christmas holidays with her sister, Mrs. R. E. Denison of Grimsby, returned home on Wednesday evening.

Miss Nicol of Cookstown is the guest of Mrs. Alfred Wright of 68 Lakeview avenue. This pretty visitor is always welcomed by her many friends.

The Venerable Archdeacon Allen of Millbrook is in the city. He is the guest of his son, Dr. Norman Allen of Carlton street.

Rev. William Allen, incumbent of Caven, is in the city. He is attending the *alumni* of Trinity College.

One of the qualifications which is often *sine qua non* with the engagers of coachmen in New York in smart circles, is that of being a performer on the horn. While many a booted Jehu here and elsewhere is competent to tackle any number of horns, they are not exactly able for the long and sonorous brass funnel which heralds the approach of the four-in-hand when

the master handles the ribbons. In many of the advertisements for coachmen the clause, "able to play the horn," is now beginning to be inserted. Fancy the scandalized faces of some of our conservative old chaps, who have driven their quiet masters and mistresses for the last quarter of a century to church and dinner parties, at this new requirement!

Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen sent to the wives of the Cabinet Ministers, and to several other prominent ladies whom she honors with her friendship, very beautiful baskets of roses and best wishes for the New Year.

Mr. H. D. P. Armstrong, who had the misfortune to break his ankle in Montreal, was able to return home last week and is doing nicely.

The Sisters of St. Joseph, in charge of the House of Providence, return thanks to their numerous friends and benefactors who, by their generous annual Christmas donations, added so materially to the festive cheer of the large number of inmates under their care. They wish also to avail themselves of the present occasion to give public expression to their grateful thanks for the annual subscriptions received, and the generous and substantial aid given them towards furnishing the new wing of the House.

Rev. George F. Sherwood, Incumbent of Bothwell and Thamesville, spent a few days in the city this week.

Owing to the visit of the American Curlers on January 14 and 15, the skating club will meet on Wednesday afternoon, January 13, instead of Thursday afternoon, January 14.

A Parody on Ian McLaren.

It was a kald murning 'f Abernethyshire near the krag. Ean MacCloon goot cop and thressed as foost as he coold in the kald. His twa wee bairns koodled doon 'f the bloonkets. "Ach weef," said he, "oor Scotch kienat goos a geen ni grain. Only yester whe' E tried to tooch an auld freend for a guinea or twa he answered: 'Na, Ean, wee Scotch be canny and E hov anny enoof for E.'"

"Whoot koon E do to ge the goold?" said E. "Go to Amerreece and leetor to the savages theer, get goold put a 'till' na' ther, spa, und ven sie geld genughaben coom back and spend it here in Scootland and 'roast' those Americans in a brand new guide-book to America." Dear weef, E will go und geet goold so that the wee bairns kon cuddle doon soom moor. "Whan the milengfu' gentlena' ha' sal' tha' h' thoct of a weddent that, be gorra, he had to perform tha' day. Twa of his choorch meem.

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ters, Mr. Hand and Miss Foote, were to be married. As he thoct of this he suddntly clasped his hoonds twagither moaning: "Ach, dear weef, E cand marry Meester Hoond and Miss Foote." "Why, (aber) nit?" answered his wife. "Beca," said he, "tha' couldna' get a divorcee."

"But gimme your reasons for sayen so," spcke his wife.

"Beca" tha' would be bound Hand and Foote."

Paid in His Own Coin.

The Youth's Companion.

The obsequious European person who seeks fees from travelers by pretending to take them for members of the nobility occasionally meets an American tourist who fails to fall into his trap.

An American gentleman of somewhat imposing personal appearance had a door opened for him at the Paris Opera House by an *ouvreur*, or usher, who bowed low and said:

"The door is open, prince!"

The American glanced with an expression of great affability at the employee, and without extending the expected fee, simply said:

"Thank you very much, viscount!"

"I remember as well as if it only happened yesterday, that in my younger days I once walked twenty miles at a stretch for the purpose of thrashing a hated rival." "And did you return on foot?" "No, they brought me back in an ambulance."

"Is your picture in the Academy a success?" "That's what I am wondering. Some one said it was worth the price of admission."—Puck.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

LOWNDES—Dec. 29, Mrs. C. Lowndes—a daughter.

YOUNGHEART—Dec. 23, Mrs. J. Youngheart—a daughter.

SCOTT—Dec. 23, Mrs. J. P. Scott—a daughter.

FAHEY—Dec. 31, Mrs. W. M. Fahey—a son.

HARGRAFT—Dec. 30, Mrs. John Hargraft—a daughter.

SMITH—Dec. 25, Mrs. W. H. Smith—a daughter.

THOMPSON—Dec. 23, Mrs. F. H. Thompson—a son.

KEACHE—Dec. 30, Mrs. J. D. Keache—a daughter.

DOLAN—Dec. 30, Mrs. Jos. F. Dolan—a daughter.

GRAVES—Dec. 17, Mrs. C. W. Graves—a daughter.

HAZLEWOOD—Dec. 31, Mrs. R. M. Hazlewood—a son.

LAVERDER—Jan. 4, Mrs. Chas. Lavender—a son.

SMELLIE—Dec. 28, Mrs. D. Smellie—a daughter.

Marriages.

COOK—JOHNSON—Jan. 6, William A. Cook to Helena Johnson.

HAKE—WHITE—Dec. 30, Vivian M. Hake to Clara K. White.

PROVAN—BURBAGE—Jan. 6, Alex. Provan to Marguerite Burbage.

STANTON—HOUSE—Jan. 6, George A. Stanton to Mary Agnes House.

CLARK—GREENE—Dec. 31, Dr. Harold Clark to Marguerite C. Greene.

COCKBURN—KEELE—Jan. 2, James C. Cockburn to Mary Keel.

ELLIOTT—TRINDER—Dec. 30, C. A. Elliott to Edith A. Trinder.

SEGSWORTH—BEDWIN—Jan. 1, John Segsworth, jr., to H. Maud Bedwin.

PEARSON—KENNEDY—Jan. 1, Dr. Henry Clinton Pearson to Florence Mary Kennedy.

DAME—YOUNG—Dec. 31, Alexander A. Dame, M.D., to Lillian E. Young.

CHAPMAN—GILMORE—Dec. 30, Joshua Chapman

to Lettie Gilmore.
BARBER—BUELL—Dec. 30, Delbert Barber to Isabella Jane Buell.
BAREBANK—HEATH—Dec. 30, J. J. Barebank to Susie Heath.
WESTREN—HARVEY—Dec. 31, John Westren to Georgina Harvey.
BROWN—MACHIN—Dec. 30, William H. Brown to Flora Machin.
DAVIDSON—LEWIS—Dec. 29, John Cheyne Davidson to Fanny Maud Lewis.

Deaths.

VAN DE CARR—Jan. 7, Beverley Knowles Van de Carr, aged 10 months and 20 days.
CAMPBELL—Dec. 30, Helen F. Campbell, aged 42.
NOTTINGHAM—Dec. 30, Mrs. Nottingham, aged 57.
SHARP—Dec. 26, William Sharp, aged 68.
PATTISON—Dec. 27, Emma Pattison, aged 28.
BUGG—Dec. 31, Mrs. Emma Bugg, aged 83.
CHESTER—Dec. 31, Ellen Chester.
CARTER—Dec. 30, L. G. Carter.
BARTLETT—Jan. 2, Thomas N. Bartlett, aged 35.
BRODDY—Jan. 4, Alexander Broddy, aged 55.
LEEDS—Jan. 4, Thomas W. Leeds.
McFARLAND—Jan. 3, Samuel J. McFarland, aged 26.
CONRAD—Jan. 1, Frank A. Conrad, aged 15.
SINCLAIR—Jan. 7, Andrew Sinclair, aged 63.
LOCKWOOD—Jan. 2, Eleanor Lockwood, aged 18.

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